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POPE AND GOLDSMITH; OR, POETICAL TASTE FIFTY YEARS AGO

(This article is extracted from a manuscript novel relative to the "Hearts of Steel," a celebrated association of men who disturbed the North of Ireland, during the early part of George the Third's reign, in which novel are delineated the manners and customs of the people of Ulster as they existed at that period. The extract forms the twentieth chapter of the first volume of the work. The poetical discussion, on account of which the extract is here given, forms only the latter half of the chapter; but we have thought proper to print the whole for the purpose of affording the reader some knowledge of the parties.)

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Now to each bard allot the station due:

Lady, the contest we refer to you.

*Thus* pours melodious strains almost divine;

*That* breathes a heartfelt throb in every line.—

—Give me that throb, she said; the tuneful art

Is ne'er so sweet, as when it moves the heart.—

M'NELVIN:

THE disagreeable excitement produced in Frederick's mind by the foregoing transactions, in a few days began to subside; and the pleasurable desire to see again "the fairest maid he ever saw," became his predominant feeling, and in obedience to its dictates he set out for Ballycarney.

It was on a sacrament Saturday, and the public services of the day were just finished when he arrived. It is needless to describe the reception he met with from his reverend and grateful host, in whose company he found two neighbouring clergymen, who had come to assist him in administering the solemn ordinances of the ensuing day. These gentlemen were both communicative and well informed, and in their deportment perfect-

ly clerical, although their appearance, manners and tastes, were considerably dissimilar.

The elder of them, whose name was Logan, was a little grey headed man of rather an austere, but venerable aspect. He spoke in the broadest tone of Scottish accentuation ; and lengthened out the grace which he pronounced before dinner by the introduction of cant phrases and scriptural allusions, almost to half the extent of a modern genteel sermon. During the subsequent conversation, Frederick discovered that he was a native of Ayrshire, and had in his youth, been a favourite pupil of the celebrated Alexander Peden.

The younger clergyman, whose name was Cooke, was a native of Ireland. He had received his education at Glasgow ; and had been only a few months ordained to the ministry. He was tall and somewhat slender in his person, with an expression of countenance lively, keen, and occasionally approaching towards the sarcastic. His manners and language sometimes betrayed an affectation of refinement, which he might have well enough spared, but for which his being only six months emancipated from the discipline of a college, and his evident desire to produce a contrast to the monotonous and formal slang of several of his colleagues, in some measure apologized. From his discourse it was apparent that unlike his reverend seniors, poetry and other kinds of light literature had constituted a large and favourite portion of his studies ; and while Mr. Logan delighted chiefly to enforce his remarks by quotations from Rutherford's Letters, Watson on the Catechism, or Boston's Fourfold State, Cooke preferred drawing from the stores of Shakspeare, Milton and Pope. As however, he was orthodox in all great doctrinal points, such of his reverend coadjutors as kept up the austere and venerable formality of old times, had the good nature to overlook the innovations which he, and some others of their younger brethern were introducing into the manners and phraseology of their body. They indeed, often forbore with a heavy heart, and none with a heavier than the Rev. Mr. Logan. He would sometimes groan in the spirit, when he heard the distinct articulation, and rounded periods, with which the younger ministers began about that time to address their con-



gregations. He thought that they were approximating too near to the manners and language of worldly orators, and were breaking down that ancient and sanctimonious partition which their godly predecessors had raised between them and the laity. However, he was a prudent man, and he perceived that his opposition to the new customs, which, after all, could not be considered heresy, would be unavailing, as the people themselves generally approved of them.

With respect to the sentiments of Mr. M'Culloch,\* concerning this revolution which was evidently taking place in the clerical manners, he looked upon it as one of those non-essentials to which he considered it proper that custom should always give law. He had himself considerably relaxed in many minor points from the rigidity of ancient Cameronianism; and was looked upon by the more bigotted of his brother-presbyters as of too pliant a disposition to take up a testimony in defence of mere forms, however much they might be sanctified by usage, or recommended by the authority of great and venerated names. Hence he rather countenanced than opposed the improvements of his junior brethren; and although he was himself too old to adopt them, he could not but acknowledge that, instead of seeing in them any thing inconsistent with the dignity of the clerical character, he conceived that they had a manifest tendency to render it more amiable, influential and useful.

From the society of these three reverend and learned gentlemen, Frederick derived much satisfaction. He also acquired considerable knowledge of the views, sentiments and habits of that most industrious portion of all his countrymen, the Presbyterians of Ulster. He had been taught to believe that they were a selfish, dogmatical, and illiberal race of sectarians, more inveterately hostile to the national church establishment than even the Roman Catholics themselves; and that their cold, plodding, narrow, money-making habits were directly the reverse of the warm, generous open-heartedness of the Southern Irish. He began now however to perceive the mistake. He saw them generous and hospitable; more prudent and calculating perhaps,

\* The minister of Ballycarney, at whose house these gentlemen were now met.

but not less cordial and friendly—more guarded in their morals, but not less amiable in their manners—more pious, but certainly not more bigotted than the people of the South. He saw them such ; and he felt both surprised and indignant at the gross and slanderous misrepresentations to which they had been subjected.

“They have, indeed, Hearts of Steel among them,” he observed to himself when he had retired and was reflecting on this subject : “but these form only a very small portion of the lower and more ignorant class of the community, and are, at the most, but a misguided and temporary association. But have we not in the South, our White Boys, our Levelling Boys, our Ultagh Boys, our Twelve o’clock Boys, and various other insurrectionary combinations of perpetual standing ? On this ground, therefore, we can surely boast of no superiority of our Northern countrymen.”

No notice has, as yet been taken of one, and perhaps the principal, cause of the high satisfaction which Frederick enjoyed in his present situation, and of the favourable light in which he was disposed to view the Northern Irish,—this was the presence of Isabella M’Manus. She had given him a very flattering reception, and paid him considerable attention during the whole evening ; for she was anxious to show him that he was mistaken in supposing that she harboured any bad impression respecting either the propriety of his manners or the goodness of his understanding.\* Perhaps he would have had more cause to have felt gratified, had she been less unembarrassed and consistent in her efforts to please him, for he had sagacity enough to have known, even if his own experience had not taught him, that when the heart is touched the manners cannot be easy.

This idea, when he now at leisure meditated on her charms, and reflected on her conduct, occurred to him in full force. Happy would he have been, could he have recollected some harmless mistake, some pretty blunder or interesting oversight, which would have betokened a mind otherwise occupied than in the mere mechanical performance of tea-table duties.

\* This refers to certain incidents related in a preceding portion of the manuscript.



“Had her civilities towards me,” thought he, “been more constrained, I should have augured better of my interest in her heart. Ah! if she felt for me as I feel for her, she would have been as awkward as I have been.—But no—perhaps I reason wrong. She may be more able to subdue her feelings, at least to restrain them within the bounds of propriety. Every one is not so incapable as I am of acting wisely, or of resisting the impulses of feeling. But I sometimes imagined that she could not look stedfastly at me. When her eyes met mine, she still hastily withdrew them.—But that might be only maiden bashfulness, or it might be, seeing I did the same, to relieve my confusion. But why need I perplex myself?—If she does not love me, it may be because we are yet strangers to each other. I will persevere—my assiduities, my tenderness, my devotedness may yet make some impression.—But what if I have a rival!—Aye, there may be the obstacle. I fancied once or twice, that the young clergyman, Cooke, exchanged favourable looks with her;—but it might be only fancy.—Heavens! if I thought she loved him, I should—I should—ah! I should—be miserable. It is too true. God forgive me for jealousy! I might have seen it, at once, in the affair of the poetry—she decided so warmly in his favour. But I will be resolute and torment myself no more, until I discover whether my surmises be well founded.”

In a short time, that is in about two hours, which is no very great period for the meditations of a half confident, and half jealous lover, Frederick fell asleep; and while he is dreaming over the question that perplexed him, we shall give the reader an account of the poetical discussion from which he had drawn so unfavourable an inference.

After dinner, while the two elder clergymen were engaged in the discussion of some point of church discipline, the younger one asked Frederick to take a walk into the garden. As they walked along, the subject of their conversation happened to turn upon poetry.

“Which do you prefer, rhyme or blank verse?” asked Frederick.

“My taste, since I became a reader of poetry,” replied Cooke, “has undergone two revolutions on this subject,—or rather it



has reverted to its original state in favour of rhyme, in which I believe it is likely to remain. When I was a boy, that is, when I was in a state of unsophisticated nature, I could not endure blank verse, although I was enthusiastically attached to rhyme. I afterwards permitted the critics, or rather, the declaimers in favor of blank verse, to interfere with my natural taste, and even to supplant it by an artificial one. Hence blank verse became so entirely the object of my admiration, that I would scarcely condescend to read rhyme. I looked upon it—for the literary lawgivers of the day told me to do so, as a species of writing of Gothic origin, fit only to amuse children and barbarians. But even then, with all my care, (for I acknowledge that it required *care* to preserve my taste in this state of exalted refinement) I frequently detected myself slipping into the recitation of a couplet or a stanza. But ashamed of being thought so unfashionable as to value the jingle of similar terminations, I always stopped abruptly; and if, unluckily, there was any one present, I never failed to apologise for an inadvertence arising from early habit. Latterly however my taste has relapsed avowedly towards rhyme; for I began to think that there was no reason why we should not tolerate a species of writing which is in itself pleasing, merely because it was not adopted by any of the classical authors of Greece and Rome. Our language is not theirs, neither is it necessary, I should think, that our forms of writing should resemble theirs. A good sentiment is a good sentiment, whether expressed in prose or verse, although it will undoubtedly appear to better advantage in the latter. For what reason? Because it is more *musical*, and, therefore, better calculated to make an impression on the mind, and more fitted for retention in the memory. For exactly the same reason, rhyme will do more justice, in the hands of a good poet, to a good sentiment than blank verse.”

“I agree with you perfectly,” observed Frederick. “A good thought will certainly make a better figure,—it will be oftener quoted, that is, it will, in spite of the literary lawgivers, as you call them, become more admired and popular, if neatly clothed in the tasteful drapery of rhyme, than in the rude slovenly garb of the best formed blank verse that ever was made. Rhyme

does not, indeed, answer so well for the drama as blank verse ; but for this species of literature, I believe that common prose would answer better than either. It would undoubtedly be more suited for the natural representation of a dialogue in real life. With respect to our English poets, my greatest favourite is not, perhaps, the greatest genius among them ; but to me he is the most pleasing writer. Shakspeare and Milton may have surpassed him in the vastness and originality of their conceptions, but they have not equalled him in the delightful harmony and sweetness of his verses. When I wish, at any time, to read merely for enjoyment, Pope is my author. Accident may occasionally drive me to the bards of sublimity, coarseness, and blank verse ; but choice will for ever determine me to the sweetest of versifiers, the great master of poetical melody and English rhyme."

"Until within these few weeks," returned the clergyman, "Pope was also in my estimation, without a competitor in the power of giving pleasure ; but I have since then obtained possession of a poem lately published, entitled 'The Traveller,\* or a Prospect of Society,' by one Oliver Goldsmith, who is said to be a countryman of our own, which for harmony of numbers, sweetness of cadence, and accuracy of rhyme, in my opinion, equals any thing that ever came from Pope, while in ease, simplicity and artlessness of diction, I conceive it to be far superior."

"I have read the poem you mention," said Frederic ; "but I must confess that I could perceive nothing in it sufficient to rival Pope in my estimation. This new writer has all the ease, simplicity and artlessness you mention ; but he wants the grandeur, the dignity, and the fire of Pope. What is there in this new poem, or, I may ask, what is there in any poem in English literature, equal to the pathos, animation, spirit and harmony of *Eloisa to Abelard*? The passion of love, that most suitable of all subjects for poetry, never was so well delineated in numbers ; never did the muse clothe herself in such captivating

\* This discussion is supposed to have taken place shortly after the first publication of "The Traveller," which was in 1765. "The Deserted Village," the most popular of Goldsmith's works, perhaps the most popular of English poems, did not appear until five years afterwards, and consequently could not be taken notice of in this place.



charms; never did she address the heart in such enchanting strains. as when she sings the high wrought fervours of Eloisa's unaltered and unalterable attachment."

"Pope," replied the Divine, "has perhaps, a more fiery muse than our countryman; but to me, generally speaking, he is not so pleasing. If he is more brilliant, he is also more laboured; if he is more lofty, he is also more obscure. When he sings he frequently requires all our attention to catch his beauties; but we can enjoy Goldsmith's strain without effort. Like a true bard of nature, he sings what we have all felt, in strains that we can all understand, and which it is difficult for any of us to forget."

"Perhaps the readiest way of deciding the controversy," said Frederick, "is to compare passages. In all Goldsmith's poem, can you find a parallel for the warmth, tenderness, delicacy and beauty of expression, contained in the following exclamation of Eloisa?"

"O happy state, when souls each other draw,  
When love is liberty, and nature law!  
All then is full, possessing and possest,  
No craving void left aching in the breast;  
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,  
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart!  
Such sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be,  
And once the lot of Abelard and me!"

"These lines are very fine," replied the clergyman; "but although not absolutely unintelligible, they are somewhat obscure. The state of felicity they attempt to describe has never in this world been experienced. It, therefore, requires an effort of the imagination to conceive it, and such effort is always a deduction from the enjoyment of reading. The language of this passage, indeed, excites my admiration by its elegance, but its ideas do not interest my heart by their fidelity to nature. I am not ashamed to acknowledge the superior delight with which I contemplate the picture of real, tangible, living happiness, so sweetly, so naturally, so feelingly drawn, and easily comprehended, in the following passage of my new favourite writer.



"Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend.  
 Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire,  
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;  
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,  
 And every stranger finds a ready chair.  
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,  
 Where all that ruddy family around,  
 Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,  
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,  
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
 And learn the luxury of doing good."

"This, I confess," said Frederick, "is a well drawn, easily understood, and, perhaps, easily felt description of the benevolence and enjoyments of rural life. But where is the splendor of diction—where is the fervour of passion—where is the strength—the boldness—in short, the glowing enthusiasm of poetical inspiration which the verses of Pope afford us? Methinks that mere smoothness and simplicity are but poor substitutes for these."

"I find," said the divine, "that we shall not be able to convince each other on this subject. What, therefore, if we call in an umpire? I perceive Miss M·Manus in the summer-house. Will you yield to her judgment on the comparative merit of these passages?"

"With all my heart," replied Frederick. "Her opinion shall be with me decisive of this, or any other question of literary taste."

They approached Isabella, and stated to her the subject of their controversy, requesting her to decide between them.

"Perhaps, gentlemen," said she, "you apply to me in the very worst time imaginable for obtaining an impartial opinion, on this subject. I have been just reading the new poem with such delight that mere gratitude to the author, ought to prevent me from deciding against him. But, perhaps, this itself is the best criterion of his superior power of pleasing me; for I acknowledge, Major Rosendale," said she, looking at Frederick with a smile that compensated for her decision against him—"I acknowledge that from none of Pope's poems, not even from your boasted *Eloisa to Abelard*, have I ever derived so much enjoy-

ment. Pope is undoubtedly a more brilliant, a more passionate, and, perhaps, a more musical writer than our new author. But he is generally too abstract and unreal in his pictures to interest me. With every image and every sentiment of Goldsmith, I can sympathise, because they remind me of real men, and real women, of the living scenes, the genuine joys and griefs, wishes and feelings, which I every day witness, and of which I every day partake. Let whoever will enjoy the grandeur and dignity of Pope; give me the sweet tenderness, the artless simplicity, the heart-felt benevolence, and genuine nature of Goldsmith!"

"I submit," said Frederick; "such demonstration is irresistible."

"Both poets," observed the clergyman, "have their peculiar excellencies. Those of Pope may be preferred by the few who judge by the rules of art; but those of Goldsmith will ever be more relished by the many who judge from the impulses of nature."

"And he who pleases the greater number," said Isabella, "must surely possess the greater excellence, as the ruler who diffuses the largest share of happiness among the people, possesses the best talents for governing."

"I acknowledge," said Frederick, "that, let authors think what they may of the approbation of the learned, the great criterion of poetical excellence is the approbation of the people."

"Hence," observed Cooke, "a poem that would please only a knot of philosophers, might be excellent as a treatise, but it would be good for nothing as a poem."

"It would have answered better to have written it in prose," said Frederick, and with this sagacious observation we shall close the chapter.

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## LIGHTS AND SHADES OF BY-PAST TIMES.

*By the Author of the Woodlands.*

"OFTEN," said the ancient bard of Morven, "often does the memory of former times, come, like the evening sun, on my



soul." The metaphor is beautiful, and who has not *felt* its application? Sitting under the overshadowing branches of my favourite weeping willow, the tenant of a chosen home, far removed, at once, from the disquietude of the busy world, and from scenes of joy, amid which the unclouded sun of many youthful years shed forth his peaceful beams upon my head, my imagination often wanders back through storm and sunshine to these happy days, and the lights and shades of by-past times, pass in rapid review before me. While dwelling upon these I feel that it is possible—nay, probable, that the interest which hangs round many an adventure, is an interest peculiar to myself. I cannot throw my images before the mind of others, clothed in the colouring with which they float before my own. The spectator of a scene can never feel like the actor—and here the cases are somewhat similar. But if, after writing much for the amusement of others, I devote one paper to the gratification of my own taste and feelings, surely I shall not suffer in the estimation of the kind reader.

The sun has disappeared, and I see just above the eastern horizon, a small white fleecy cloud pillowing up the first star of the evening. It seems the very cloud and star that hung over the Susquehanna, the last time I went to the Sweet Briar to visit Fanny Woodburn. The cottage stood on a rude green island formed by an arm of the river; and the trees all grew there in the wild order in which nature had arranged them. There was a gentle descent from the low piazza, on every side, down to the silent water, and from its source to its ample bay, that majestic river rolled by not one more beautiful spot of earth. Parties from the surrounding country, during all the sultry months, used to flock over to Sweet Briar island, and spend days together amid its cool and quiet shades. Mr. Woodburn had but one only child; she was the idol round which, perhaps, his affections clung too closely, too fondly. She deserved it, if a child ever deserved such devoted attachment from a parent. But "all that's sweet must fade," and Fanny was destined early to fade away from her lovely home.

When I was about taking a final leave of my young boarding school companions, with little prospect of ever returning to Bluemont, I devoted an evening to a farewell visit to the island; and went over early, in a canoe that we used for exercise upon the water. It was a fine still twilight; but an unusual weight of gloom pressed upon my mind; for it was the first time I had crossed that water since the death of young G——, who was drowned there about a month before, in an attempt to navigate a small skiff, while the river was high. He was an ardent, bright eyed boy, and a great favourite at the cottage. I loved him



while living, and I did not then suppose there was one in the world who cherished his memory more faithfully than I did myself. I was mistaken, though I was not conscious of it till afterwards. I found that Fanny Woodburn was not now the same sprightly girl she used to be—she had become a devoted worshipper of the stars; a romantic recluse among the solitudes of the evening groves; one whose existence seemed connected by some mysterious chain, with the things of another world. She talked of death familiarly, and asked me with a smile, if I did not think she had grown pale. I did see it, but I did not acknowledge it to her. In the midst of all that could render life sweet, she appeared to be devotedly bent on making up an acquaintance with the grave. The thought shocked me, and I led her from it as often as I could. She pressed my hand, and a tear started in her eye, when we parted—“Ah!” said she, “when you next visit the grave of poor G——, perhaps you will weep to think that mine, too, is made.”

Her words were prophetic. I saw them both the next summer; they were green alike, and looked as though they might both have been made at the same time. She sunk softly, peacefully, silently, to rest: the victim of an unknown disease, that gradually, though rapidly, sapped her fine constitution, destroyed the rose of her cheek, quenched the sprightly fire of her eye, and spread the snows of death upon her brow. The cause was suspected towards the last, when it was too late to attempt the application of a remedy. I knew when I heard she was no more, that she had died of a broken heart, for the loss of her first lover.

The empire over which affection rules is hidden, secret, and mysterious. In the retired and impenetrable recesses of the heart, the young spirit nurses the flame of its idolatry—and though the idol be utterly removed, long the altar and the devotee remains. The more peaceful and imperishable the passion, the more carefully is it, generally, locked up from the gaze, nay, from the very suspicions of mankind. And after that sacred spell which concealment from all but heaven and their own hearts, throws round the glowing loves of youth is broken, and the world catches the whisper; and every obstacle, fancied and real, is removed, and the consummation of each paradisaical dream approaches, though bursts of full, and before untasted rapture may break upon the bosom; the deep long-dwelling richness of mellow, refined, and eloquent feeling, departs—departs forever. It belongs only to the *first* moonlight of our *first* loves. The edge is blunted by the breath of men, becomes still more dull by possession and enjoyment—and women, once discovered to be a little less than angels, never sit before us on their first throne again. There is an old legend which tells us that

Petrarch preferred the luxury of his passion to the bliss of its enjoyment, with the chance of becoming less devoted than before ; and Werter may have enjoyed more happiness in his dreams, than Albert enjoyed with Charlotte in his arms. Death, however, which separated forever between the heart and hope to which it clings so long and so fondly, introduces a new scene—calls up a new train of feelings, and works a mighty change upon the soul.

Fanny Woodburn died of a broken heart, brooding over her sorrows in secrecy and tears, until the last cold messenger closed the troubled scene. But she knew not there was one living who loved her with an affection as warm and pure as that she felt glowing in her own innocent breast. There was something peculiarly noble in the character of young Allwyn ; his mind was of no common mould. He saw Frances, and with the eye of love that discerns the heart at a glance he saw her preference for G——, his companion and school fellow. He was changed from the moment he made the discovery—he became a serious, and at times an unsocial being. Her death made no visible alteration in him—but in a few months afterwards, he left the school and in process of time entered the church and took the sacred office upon him. Settling in a small congregation at no great distance from Bluemont, he seemed to have forgotten all the past events of his life in devotion to his ministerial duties. But he was from the first subject to fits of melancholy, and became daily more eccentric in his manners and habits. This grew upon him to such an extent, that at the end of four years he abandoned his charge.

I saw him at this time, and he seemed to me an anomaly in the race of men. Over a mind evidently gone, or going, fast to ruin, the fires of a fine genius flashed, almost incessantly, with inconceivable brilliance—his intellect exhibited a wreck magnificent and melancholy in the extreme. Still he thought himself sent on a ministerial errand, and travelled over the country preaching and exhorting. I went to hear him once—he had chosen a shady green on the bank of the river—it was near the hour of sunset ; but a vast collection of people had assembled, some out of curiosity, others from a mixed feeling of sympathy and awe for the man and for the solemn message he invited them to hear. When he first rose, his eye rolled wildly round ; but collecting himself, he proceeded regularly through the introductory services. He took his text—"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," and as he proceeded to enlarge upon the passage, his countenance brightened up, and his voice rose above its first tremulous accents, and rolled forth full and sweet. Bursting from the restraint his subject appeared to throw around



his ideas, he launched forth into the wide field of declamation. "Man," said he, "was lost; and why? On the day that our first parents sinned, the mercy seat was erected near the throne of the omnipotent Jehovah; but a cloud of crime rose from our blighted world, and filled the whole vault above with blackness, closing up every avenue that led to heaven, and shutting the light of mercy out of these lower realms. Then it was "Christ came to save,"—and descending, after his crucifixion through those clouds, that, surcharged with the wrath of Deity, were ready to burst in one tremendous tempest on mortality, opened up forever an avenue even to the mercy seat, through which shall ascend the prayers of his faithful followers till time shall be no more." His feelings thus wrought up, he spoke with a wild and fearful energy that was indescribable; but sometimes he sunk into lower numbers, and his ideas seemed sporting before his auditors like butterflies into the sunbeam. "You look," said he, "on this calm, and cool and placid river, and perchance, some of you deem it an emblem of the serenity of life. Yea, but in the tempest it will foam and fret like a chafed lion and so, man who is born to trouble will have his day of bitterness and grief. There too ends the comparrison—for long, long after the springs of your feverish being shall be dried up, and you shall be laid at rest beneath the green willow, this noble river will flow on, in the fullness of its majesty, and in all its calm and placid beauty."

Poor Allwyn! I never saw him afterwards, but his subsequent history threw a double spell around his memory. Some how or other he got the idea into his head that he had a call from the mountains; and escaping from his friends, he crossed the green valley of Wyoming, and hid himself among the dismal and distant barrens of the Pokano, where he died at last in a hunter's temporary cabin. Curiosity impelled me once, when on a journey to the Lehigh, to visit the place where he lay buried. Accompanied by a guide, I ascended the mountain until the clouds lay at our feet, and the sun shone at intervals clear and bright above us. Overlooking the summit of seven hills that rose above the white mist which hung over the valleys, the eye rested in the distance on the broad and bold chain of highlands which form the Blue mountains; and, turning again towards one object, we beheld the distant summit towards which we were approaching, diversified with deep chasms and towering nobs, round which the drifting scuds collected in thick masses, and then breaking away floated off in heavy wreaths. At the foot of one of these, near the ruins of a rude log tenement, lay the remains of my old and unfortunate school mate, beneath a small mound over which the wild shrubbery of the rocky soil, began



to grow high and thick. I dropped a tear upon the unfriendly turf, and left it, to visit the spot no more.

It was in one of those rambles abroad that I met with an adventure which made a singular impression upon my mind—because it seemed to illustrate human life from its beginning to its end, in a very span. Bringing the Light and Shades of our existence into a compass that could be embraced by a single glance. It lingers in my memory still, a living scene, though most of the actors have gone beyond the reach of mortal vision. It was a fine summer afternoon; but towards the approach of sunset, a dark cloud arose; the heavens became enveloped in gloom, and a full charged thunder storm forced me to take refuge in a lonely hermitage that stood some distance from the road, embowered amid flowering shrubbery. I was here introduced into a room full of company, but a company it appeared to me, made up of singular materials. One elegant, lovely and beautiful girl, sat in the centre of a ring formed by about a dozen gay young gentlemen. It was easy to read that they were suitors, for the fact was imprinted on their countenances. There then, sat Lucy Carr, the queen of this devoted circle, dealing out her smiles on all around her with that equal and steady manner which showed her to be well versed in the science of government. Never reigned sovereign with a sway more absolute; perhaps no sovereign ever was more deserving of power.

For the moment there seemed something inexplicable in this; I had seen, as I thought, much of the world, and mingled much in society—I had seen beauty attracting the gaze of many; the flattery of some, and the devoted attachment of the few. But never beheld so many satellites attracted by a single sun. True she was bright, and most bewitching in the ruddy blossoms of youthful charms, and her mind, apart from a little tincture of vanity, was worthy its lovely dwelling; but even then the thought stole curiously into my head, perhaps she has other charms than those which play around her person and her mind. It had no business there at such a time, but it spoke out the reality. A peevish, and half suppressed voice in an adjoining room informed us, that sickness was an inmate of the residence, and before I left the house, an inquisitive and no less communicative old dame, gratuitously told me that Miss Lucy would doubtless soon be the possessor of the ample and rich estate of the Wellford family, the last heir of which lay consuming of a hectic fever: and the whole having been willed to the young lady on the event of the failure of natural heirs. I could not suppress a sigh as I pressed her hand at parting, to think that with all her loveliness, gay, and young, and enchanting as she was, she probably had not in all that throng of flatterers, one

single disinterested lover—one who would live for herself alone, and cherish so much of beauty and worth as the best gift of heaven.

Yet thus far all was light, compared to the shadows which fell over her destiny at last. I went my way, and six years passed before I visited that neighbourhood again. My first inquiry was after Lucy Carr. "She is dead, she died eighteen months ago," said the landlord of the Leopard Inn, as he carelessly smoked his pipe. "And what has become of the widow Wellford?" I asked, "who lay at the point of death six years ago?" This question brought from the adjoining breakfast room, the well remembered face of the worthy dame I had seen at the Hermitage, at the time of which I spoke, who, having heard the conversation, in her anxiety to gratify my curiosity herself, seized me by the arm, and led me to a seat at the table. The widow, I now learned, had recovered—was married again, and blest with a progeny which long before her decease, cut off all the prospects of the young lady. "Poor Lucy," said she, "her sun set early; but a long, dim, twilight preceded it. Flattered and worshipped by the gay and gallant throughout the country, while her splendid inheritance was looked upon as secure. No sooner did the scene change, and the blight of her fortune come on, than her admirers dropped away. Neglected and unnoticed, she retired to the residence of a favourite relative, and pined away, a sickly plant, until she fell to ruin. She died in the season of flowers, but there was not one among all who had paid her homage in her days of prosperity, found to plant a lilly on her grave." I forgot the meal that was before me, and left the table when my informer finished, to spend a melancholy hour beside her forsaken house of clay, plucking the rank and poisonous weeds that grew tall and luxuriantly around her tomb-stone.

Connected with these recollections are some others, of a different character, at which I will just glance in passing. There was a much celebrated curiosity in this neighbourhood—the Haunted Hut; to visit which I was prevailed on by the warm entreaties of an honest German, who, learning that I was a lover of old legends, and withall perhaps, apparently whimsical in my taste for the sombre scenery of dusky church yards, came over in the evening to the Leopard, to invite me to go with him to the Alder Glen, where, he said, there were a small burying place, a ruined habitation, a tragic story, and some miraculous things into the bargain. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and I accordingly visited the place of warning spirits. The scene was one of singular wildness. On the borders of a dark and dismal swamp, near the declivity of a gentle hill, stood the ruins of a rude hut, unroofed and half rotted to the ground. A little in the



fore-ground three graves were seen, and a stream that had been turned apparently from its original course, had worn a deep gully on one side, and murmured in foam through the fallen fragments of the old tenement. This was the Haunted Hut of Alder Glen. Something like half a century before, said the old traditions of the country, it was the residence of a hardy huntsman, who, having been accustomed from boyhood to the chase, became utterly disgusted with the employments of civilized life, left the abodes of the white men, and took up his residence among the Indians. He married the daughter of a chieftain, and fixed his residence on that very spot, in the neighbourhood of which, the tribe to which he was now attached was located.

In process of time a son sprung up in his own image, and followed him in pursuit of the nimble deer. But his Indian relatives had all gone to the home of their fathers, and he had been warned by the last of them, on his dying day, that a debt of blood rested on the family, and would probably one day be demanded by the kinsmen of a chief belonging to a far distant tribe, whom the uncle of his wife had slain many years before. The warning passed, however unheeded—but the words proved true.

One dark and stormy night, the huntsman sat by his blazing pine fire in his hut, between his wife and son. His face was turned towards the only window in the dwelling, and his mind was wrapped in gloomy thoughts. A superstitious dread of some coming evil pressed heavily on his soul—he looked at the recent death-mole that covered his left hand, and recollected that his dog gazed during the day repeatedly in his face and howled. Still he strove to shake off the strange and womanish melancholy from his mind, and it was in the midst of the struggle that a glaring flash of lightning blazed around, and revealed three men in the storm without, just aiming their rifles through the window at himself and family. He leapt instantly from his seat and the shrill cry of “Take care!” had hardly passed his lips ere the thunder crash came: and the assassins fired at the same moment. His voice and the crash were only heard—the father and son fell pierced by bullets, and the wife, mortally wounded, was found dead by the spring next morning. Alarmed by the terrors of the tempest, the Indians fled, satisfied with having thus appeased the spirit of their departed relative after the lapse of more than an age. My guide most solemnly averred, that at the hour of midnight, whenever there was a storm abroad in the heavens, a voice echoed from among the falling ruins of the Haunted Hut, in a sepulchral tone—“*Take care! take care!*” The sun was careering through a clear pellucid sky; when I

stood by the place of dread, and the prospect of a midnight storm was too uncertain to afford me a temptation even to wait with a view to test the truth of this last and most fearful phenomenon.

Turning from these wandering Lights and Shades, that flit at distant intervals across my mind, and mingling amid the former and well known haunts of juvenile days in the crowded city, an endless variety of reminiscences press upon the buoyant wings of thought. What changes does an absence of twenty years develop, when, returning to the old habitation we used to occupy, we take our stand at the door, among strangers, and enquire after former friends and acquaintances! Thus I once stood—and the first thought that struck me was—how prodigal has death been of his arrows.—I saw the residence before me which was once occupied by a sweet girl whom I loved, partly that she was engaged to a dear friend, now the windows were closed up—it looked desolate—“to be rented,” was written on the door. The friend I loved had died in a northern climate of a delirious fever—She, his chosen one, heard the event with a serene but pallid brow—a few short months, and the same disease that laid her lover low, seized her—overpowered her—she died with every symptom upon her which marked his end. There is something peculiarly touching in their story, but I cannot dwell upon it now. I have often wept over the last letter I received from him; it was just such a one as a warm heart would dictate under a deep impression that it would never dictate another. I looked in at the door of a dwelling where used to live one of my most faithful correspondents. The faces were all strange, we had written to each other for several years, but at last some trivial neglects and jocular upraidings took place—things were never right again, the correspondence grew cold—became formal, and was at last dropped entirely. I heard from him no more. He was dead. Wherever I turned, I missed some well remembered face. The dwellings and the streets appeared peopled with a new generation. The signs were changed, the whole face of society was entirely altered; and it was some time before I could persuade myself that I was really in the city of my former home. And when, at last, I came to find out some surviving acquaintances, each had a long list to tell me of those whom I should never find.

Others, too, upon whom the change of death had not yet passed, were changed most marvellously. Some who were wealthy when I left the city, were now dragging out life in abject poverty, others had risen from the dust to affluence. I saw a splendid equipage roll along the street; it was owned by the son of a wood sawyer. As it turned a corner rapidly a ragged decrepit old man, tottering under the effects of liquor and the



debilities of age, with great difficulty escaped being trampled down by the horses. I thought I remembered something of the face—I enquired his name, and judge my surprise on finding that it was ———, a lawyer once of the brightest promise, whom I left enjoying a large practice, and with an excellent character. The first had risen by fortuitous circumstances, almost without an exertion, to the enjoyment of wealth, from the lowest rank. The second had fallen, through neglect to improve his opportunities. On another case the injustice of the world was stamped; an aged man sat within the walls of a prison, brooding in sad despondency over the blighted prospects of a lovely and a helpless family, left dependant wholly, on his exertions, now, in the autumn of life, when his energies were all dried up; and once he had lived splendidly, while his riches increased, and fortune smiled kindly on his diligence. How had he come to this? The answer was ready. He had endorsed for a friend, whose failure ruined him. That friend, invulnerable on all sides under the cloak of insolvency, sported in his carriage drank his wine, and lived the lord of a magnificent manor, but a few hour's ride from the city.

To one in whose memory early friendships and associations are destined to remain green while memory endures—who loves the past for its purity—to whom the delights of by-past times appear, through the long vista of years, like gold refined from all the dross that alloyed it—when each trivial wrong sustained each transient pang endured, each cloud that for a moment dimmed the sunshine, has sunk into forgetfulness; to such a one, life, in his declining hours, as it presents to his view the shattered links of many a broken chain, will strew some melancholy hours in his way. The world in one respect is like a kaliedescope that some one turns incessantly, its scenes are ever on the change, and still at every change the picture it presents is new; the first casts, not unfrequently please us best, but we draw richer stores of wisdom from those that follow. Often too, the recollection that sweetens declining age, is, that a life where every thing is so precarious—friends, fortune, happiness, and all that solaces our cares, hastens like the day beam, to its setting; and when the names are called to mind, which brightened the morning of our existence, and faded away long since, the good man feels that the last of his friendships are transferred from earth to heaven, turns more joyfully to the contemplation of his future home, and closes the last stage like one who bids adieu to a land of strangers, and goes to be with those of his household and his kindred forever.

I never felt the ties of life hang so loosely about me, as when I stood the last time on the threshold of the old family mansion,

that has long been deserted by all that bear my name. No apparent change had passed upon the green, the garden or the clustering trees. At the end of the lane still hung the white gate where I took my last farewell of a father who went to die in a land of strangers. I recalled his features, his tone of voice, his dress, but it was all the vision of remembrance : he was gone. The chair in which my mother used to sit still in its accustomed summer place, the entry, and I had not forgotten a lineament of her countenance. I could picture her to the mind just as she appeared the last time we conversed together, and, gazing on the stars, talked of the wonders that would break upon us when we should be released from our mortality. She has long since gone above the stars, the wonders we spoke of, the mysteries of that unknown existence to which all are tending, have burst upon her view. I paused and meditated on them; I felt no sorrow, and a voice seemed to whisper, "they wait for you; yet a little while and you will be with them."

There too among the willows by the river bank was my accustomed evening walk. It had been neglected since I left it, but there still remained some faint traces of my footsteps. There, musing amid the roaring of the water for hours and hours, I had formed a thousand schemes of happiness and dreamed of fortune, and honour, and distinction. Now I thought how few of all these had been realized, how chimerical and vain were most of them, how delusive was hope glittering among its rainbows in the morning sky, and how mistaken the very estimate we first form of enjoyments.

But I have done. The bounds I assigned myself are already passed. These lingering Lights and Shades will bring back to the bosoms of my readers some fond recollections that are all their own: and from which they may reap a luxury my frail reminiscences have no power to impart. Happy will it be, if they come blended with those instructive morals that kindle the flame of a pure philosophy within—with that lesson of wisdom which teaches us the true value of things, for then will the fountains of disappointment, those most prolific sources of earthly sorrow be removed far away. And even if they teach that Hope is the evanescent meteor of a misty night—Pleasure a butterfly, beautiful only while pursued—Love, the feverish dream of the mid-summer twilight—Beauty, a frail flower in a stormy clime; and Friendship, a golden leaf which one breath may blow away forever, they will speak more faithfully than if they came the bearers of a flattering tale.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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### A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

THERE is perhaps nothing more common than for writers on all subjects, to expend much time and labour in apologizing very gravely for the publication of their sentiments, whatever may be their private opinions of their real worth and utility. Should I feel disposed to pursue the same course, and acknowledge at once with the usual formality, that I am not conscious how far the following detail is worthy of publication, it would only be received as the common trick of authors, or as a kind of mechanical contrivance which every schoolboy makes use of in writing his first exercises before he has learned to understand any thing else. Be this as it may, Mr. Editor, as you are to judge of the propriety of making the following communication public, there is less reason for me to say or think any thing about the matter. From a visit to the country I have derived great and substantial benefit, nor do I know that the enjoyment will be in any manner impaired, either by having put myself to the trouble of writing for nothing, or by exposing myself to the danger of having my production condemned as dull and uninteresting.

It was on a fine spring morning in the month of May, that I set out from the city in company with a young lady, on a visit to a friend in the country. The blushing tints of the eastern horizon, which are so pleasing at early dawn, had already yielded to the brilliant illumination of the risen sun, and as we advanced beyond the precincts of the city, the scenery around us seemed dressed in all the freshness and beauty of an Italian summer. There is a feeling of complacency in the bosom of every person of sensibility, who has been suddenly transported from the dull and monotonous hurry of a city life, to experience the purity and calmness of rural sights and sounds which, though transient as it is pleasing, he would not exchange for days and months of gross and sensual pleasure. For my own part, having just escaped from the drudgery and confinement of a lawyer's office, in which necessity rather than inclination has placed me for the last two years, I feel that kind of emotion which we may suppose belongs to the exiled captain, when after years of toil and suffering he is once more blessed with the first appearance of his native shore, and cheered with the same gales and delighted with the same odours which gave animation and pleasure to his earlier and happier days. I could not, as we passed

along, but consider myself as having an indefeasible right to the uninterrupted enjoyment of the simple and natural pleasures around me, in spite of the forms of society, and the selfish and sordid discipline of custom and education. I viewed myself as having been cheated of my birth-right, and deceived into contentment, not from cowardice or indolence, but from the concealment of a right which belonged to me by nature, and which I now thought worth contending for against all mankind. After emphatically repeating to myself the line from Goldsmith,

“Creation’s heir, the world, the world is mine!”

I almost mechanically and without being aware of my error, began to consider what redress the laws of my country had provided for an injury so great, according to that well known legal maxim that there is no wrong without a remedy, and was ruminating on the different forms of actions contained in the books, when my companion modestly remarked, that she believed I had left the city with regret, as she had discovered symptoms of uneasiness in my countenance and deportment, almost ever since we had set out, and besides the breakfast hour had long since passed by without my having seemed at all conscious of the fact. After jesting a minute or two, as ladies are wont to do, on the probable cause of my absence and dejection, and hinting something (the lord knows what) about impressions, and sighs, and images, she suddenly called my attention to the sign-post, which caught our eyes at a distance, and where we determined to stop and get breakfast. By this time I had so far recollected myself as to know that to contend individually against a whole community is fearful odds, and a *casus omissus* in the laws of my country; and more anxious now to provide for my starving companion than to think of my own deprivations, I had only time to resolve on enjoying in future, as much of the country as I could *peaceably*, when we alighted at the Inn.

The tavern at which we stopped was one of those convenient and substantial buildings which are so numerous throughout our State. A long, neat piazza encompassing two sides of the house; two rooms separate from the ordinary bar-room, not only comfortably, but almost elegantly furnished, and a tasteful garden at a little distance, might have informed even a careless inquirer that mine host was somewhat advanced above his fellows in respectability as well as trade. Of this we were soon made sensible by the polite and conciliating manner with which he introduced us to his family, and the total absence of that hypocritical officiousness which is too often, grossly visible in a man of his calling. His wife, a plump, good-natured, quaker-looking lady, was not long in having every thing prepared for breakfast, which



exactly accorded with the furniture of the room, in which we were sitting, not very costly yet neat, abundant and approaching to luxury. The windows of the room were thrown open, and the refreshing breezes from without seemed to dance through the apartment in all the gaiety of health and cheerfulness. The hostess talked with more than female volubility of language; and perhaps thought, that though nature had given her the usual accomplishments of her sex in this particular, it was necessary that she should improve her colloquial powers by art, in order to qualify herself the better for the duties of a kind and attentive landlady. Her children were pretty, and respectful to company, her husband was well bred, and communicative, and her servants seemed submissive and obedient. Eliza, (for that was the name of the young lady with whom I travelled) was so much pleased with the good natured pleasantry and cheerfulness which reigned around her, that she declared positively we must stay an hour longer than we had at first intended, although at the expiration of that time, she seemed less willing to depart than before. Our kind landlady led us into the garden, presented us each with a bunch of flowers, and when the time had arrived at which we *must* set out, insisted on our taking a glass of her currant-wine, and calling again whenever we should pass her house.

As I sluggishly drove from the door of our Inn, I fell into a second fit of musing on the superior happiness and contentment of a country life. The murmuring mechanic said I to myself, who constantly resides in the city, unwillingly commences his work in the morning, grumbles away many of the minutes which ought to be employed in active labour and exercise during the day, and completes his task at evening, fatigued, disheartened, and sometimes almost desperate. The calculating merchant mixes in the bustle of business, wary, anxious and distrustful, invents a thousand new schemes of profit and speculation, and a thousand palliatives for his conscience whenever he has overreached the ineffectual efforts of his less shrewd and dishonest neighbour. The divine, the physician, and the lawyer, are engaged in a continued warfare of competition and rivalry; and although the responsibility of their several stations is weighty enough of itself to afford employment to the most active vigilance and industry, yet they are constantly creating new sources of uneasiness and vexation in the selfish plans by which they hope to excel and supplant each other. This is a true picture of the manner of living in the city. And now for the counterpart. The man who retires into the country escapes at once from all the intrigue and bustle to which he was previously exposed. Truly upright in all their dealings, he finds his neighbours less suspicious of others, and of course sees but lit-

tle of that jealousy and contention which is invariably attached to larger communities. Besides, the chance of an easy support would seem to be much greater in the country than in the city. There drudgery is not systematized, an equality of feeling is more prevalent, and hence it follows, that mutual aid and assistance are more uniformly exerted. Add to all this, that man breathes a purer air, his mind is employed in the contemplation of sublimer objects, and his leisure moments are spent in the enjoyment of more innocent pleasures and amusements.—Such had been the train of my thoughts when I was again interrupted by Eliza, who protested against my taciturnity, unless I should make known to her the cause which seemed so inveterately to fix my whole attention. Finding it absolutely necessary that I should throw off this unseasonable gravity, I commenced talking to her about flowers and nosegays, amused myself by pointing out to her the birds and butterflies which flitted across our path, and carried myself discreetly the remainder of the way, until we arrived at our place of destination.

The farm of our friend was situated in a beautiful part of the country, in Montgomery county, about twenty miles from the city. His dwelling might be described in the language of the poet, as

“Neither poorly low, nor idly great.”

It indeed betrayed to the stranger that its owner had either grown indifferent from domestic occurrences, or was suffering under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments, as the house seemed originally designed for a structure of more convenience as well as beauty and decoration. It was easy for the neighbours however to impute this to the great depreciation of the farming interest, since the late war; but such as it appeared, it was by no means a contemptible building. The farm was situated at some distance from the main road, and our course lay through a narrow lane, before we came to the path which leads directly up to the dwelling. Two or three tall and stately poplars shaded the house in front, behind grew as many beautiful weeping willows, and at the southern extremity a large sycamore tree extended its branches over the roof, so that the building was completely embosomed from the rays of the sun during the whole day. An emerald carpet of meadow-grass and clover, surrounded the house for a considerable distance, and so luxuriantly had it vegetated even at this early season, that it seemed to be waving in invitation of the opportunities it afforded for repose. At a little distance from the house was the dairy, or what our friend had denominated the cave, which was a subterranean excavation of considerable extent, neatly raised and floored in the middle, but



leaving a kind of ditch or reservoir at the sides, which was so constructed as to receive a constant supply of fresh water from the pump outside, and in which the milk, &c. were deposited for coolness and keeping. Directly opposite to the house; in front of the lane above mentioned was the garden, which, though it bore signs of not having received its owner's very strict attention, was nevertheless sufficiently beautiful to attract observation, and contained a considerable variety of culinary as well as other plants, both for ornament and use. The barn, the spring-house, &c. were in their appropriate order, and nothing seemed lacking of either comfort or convenience. At this pleasant retreat from the smoke and filth of Philadelphia, we were received by our friend and his family with all that hospitality and kindness which we had reason to expect from a long and familiar acquaintance, and which we knew to be characteristic of the manners of the country. Again I lost myself in transport, in contemplating the pleasures around me, and again was so overcome by the simple politeness and frankness of the family as almost to wish myself rooted and growing in the soil, rather than be forced again to desert the haunt of such goodness, peace and contentment. But the afternoon soon passed away, and as we were somewhat fatigued, we retired early to rest, which put an end at that time to my rural speculations.

It will not be expected that I should describe minutely the various scenes in which we were engaged during the few days of our visit. The detail of a very small number of the incidents which arose in the course of this short period, will suffice to show how easily some of the most satisfactory enjoyments of life may be secured from the general wreck of happiness in the world, and will fully evince my decided predilection and enthusiasm for the innocent pleasures and diversions of the country. Conversant now with new objects, and thoughts, and feelings. I was determined to let nothing interrupt the simple festival of my heart, and while I preserved the usual gravity of my thoughts in the contemplation of a thousand natural and sublime appearances; I mixed familiarly in every bright amusement which was set on foot by my rustic companions, and even felt a degree of satisfaction in discovering that I had a far better talent for trifling in this way than I could at first have supposed. During the intervals which were not employed in visiting our friends in the neighbourhood, Eliza and I contrived innumerable schemes of diversion, so that while the mind was agreeably soothed by the tranquil scenes which reigned around us, the body received healthful exercise from the various pursuits in which we engaged. Sometimes we amused ourselves by climbing the hills, or straying through the woods, or gathering the wild flowers, which we

picked up in the course of our wanderings; often we reposed under the shade of one of the trees which stood near the door, giving intense application to the search after sprigs of four leaved clover, and mutually congratulating each other as we respectively made the first fortunate discovery. Nay, Mr. Editor, let me be candid enough to say, that I did not disdain to join in the simple amusement of jumping the rope, and of submitting to the pendulous motion of the swing, as it vibrated from some lofty oak whose elastic branches fanned the glow of perspiration which was produced by its operation. But the garden was our favourite place of retreat, in which we could always discover something new for conversation, or enjoy the same agreeable walk which we had often repeated before without growing indifferent or fatigued. In one of these excursions, however, whether from that absence of mind to which I am often unwillingly exposed or from some other cause, Eliza addressed me with her usual frankness and simplicity, and inquired whether I was not growing weary of a spot which I had made it a point to visit two or three times a day ever since my arrival at our friend's house. "This afternoon," said she, "you seem unusually dull, and I am not at all surprised at it, since I believe that even a garden with all its beauty and variety, must at length become stale and tiresome to the continued gaze of the beholder." This sentiment I knew to be uttered more in excuse of what she might have attributed to a want of taste in myself than as proceeding from the convictions of her own bosom. "It is true," said I, as I lifted a beautiful flower from the ground which I had unconsciously dropped a few minutes before, "it is true that almost every thing palls on the senses by repetition, and the mind is satiated by the frequency as well as number of its gratifications. But, believe me, Eliza, as soon might this flower droop and die from feeding on the refreshing dews of the evening, as that the heart which you seem to think callous to the beauties which adorn this spot should become colder from enjoying the simple pleasures which it affords. A garden to me would be an inexhaustible source of reflection and study, as well as of exercise. New-beauties would strike my attention every morning, and something new would require to be done every day. The child who last evening asked you for a nosegay from the wreath of your hat, had not yet learned to discriminate, otherwise she certainly would have preferred her mother's garden to your new leghorn with all its drapery. But I am not that child." This gentle rebuke was not unheeded by Eliza, as she quickly replied that she had no doubt of it, although she believed there might be many persons of years, and perhaps of reflection too, who would relish a radish much better than the garden which produced it.



It has always been a favourite amusement of mine to ride out on horse-back as far as I have had an opportunity of indulging in this pleasing and healthy exercise. While in the country, therefore, Eliza and I seldom let a day pass without riding out together, sometimes for the sake of the ride itself, and often for the purpose of visiting our good neighbours, who were so kind as to invite us to their houses. Surely, Mr. Editor, you must be fond of this pleasant recreation; for so fully persuaded am I of its beneficial effects on the mind and imagination, that I have set it down as the *sine qua non*, without which the productions of literary men would be tame and uninteresting. Pope is said to have received a new impulse to his genius while bestriding his favourite steed, and perhaps we are indebted for much of that mellowness and correctness of phraseology which distinguish this poet, to something like a musical gait in the faithful animal who contributed to establish his fame. I should certainly think that this has been the dernier resort of every successful writer, were I not persuaded that fortune is seldom liberal enough to afford them an opportunity of enjoying a pleasure which, if regularly pursued, is attended with no inconsiderable expense. Be this as it may, I, for my part, should rather ride than walk. There is an elasticity of thought, a glow of the imagination, and a buoyancy of the spirits experienced on such occasions which to me are absolutely enchanting. It is an elevation from earth to heaven, the respiration of a pure and exhilarating, instead of a noxious and tainted atmosphere; the rapidity of motion instead of the sluggishness of inaction. In one of these excursions, Eliza and I visited the church on a neighbouring hill. It was already late when we entered, and the minister had just concluded the morning prayer. I was surprised to find so respectable a looking congregation, and soon discovered that the church was crowded almost to overflowing. I was sufficiently observant of the behaviour of all who were near me, and could see nothing but the most respectful reverence and devotion. The sermon being over, the solemn rite of celebrating the Supper of the Lord, was announced as about to be performed. The white cloth was removed from the altar, the bread and the wine, the symbols of our Saviour's incarnation, were displayed; and the communicants came forward to join in a covenant of love, and to renew their vows of allegiance to their divine master. A remarkable decorum and propriety were observed throughout the ceremony. The junior part of the congregation advanced first, and might have shamed many a hoary headed infidel into a confession, if not of the truth of religion itself, at least of the beauty and solemnity of a christian life. The young man, as he listened to the address of his spiritual commander,

was no doubt animated with a courage allied in some measure to that of the Roman or Spartan soldier, although founded on notions infinitely more sublime and impassioned. The rustic maiden, purer than the vestal which served in Heathen temples, as she was guided by a holier system of divinity, reverently laid her hat aside, and approached the altar in all the consciousness of purity, and innocence, and peace. The old man and the aged matron, (the latter uncovered and courtseying, as her younger sisters had done, who preceded her) looked with transport to heaven, and seemed to strain their impaired vision towards that promised rest, the pledges of which they were about to accept from the hands of their minister. As I gazed on this sight, I was filled with solemn admiration and awe of the whole ceremony. I fancied that I could see the ministering spirits watching round the sacred altar, and as the representative of Christ pronounced the last solemn amen, heard the full chorus which of old sounded on the plains of Judea: "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, and good will towards men."

As the time was now rapidly approaching at which we expected to return to the city, I had a desire before our departure to visit a spot at some distance from our friend's house, which was said to afford an opportunity of enjoying one of the finest prospects in that district of country. We accordingly set out for it the next afternoon, and arrived at the house of an acquaintance a short time before sunset. As this was the pleasantest part of the day, the labour of climbing a very high hill which it was necessary to do in order to have our curiosity gratified, became easier to us all, and we soon gained the desired eminence. And now, Mr. Editor, you may rest assured that my warmest expectations were more than realized. The hill on which we stood was elevated many feet above the adjoining plain, and a similar ridge ran directly parallel with this, bounding a valley of considerable length and depth. At the bottom of this valley was a lake of clear water, wide and deep in the centre, but gradually diminishing in width as the hills approached each other at the extremities. The declivity on each side was principally adorned with chesnut and hickory, and the growth was so thick as to form an eligible retreat for the great variety of birds which are found in this part of the country. The joyous acclamation of music which now seemed to bound from one hill to the other, the beautiful appearance of many a bird sailing in sportive mazes over the bosom of the lake, the gentle dropping of innumerable rills trickling from the sides of the rocks on the waters below, the sound of the oars as it wafted some fairy skiff to the neighbouring shore, and the coolness and ver-



ture of the valley which were now irresistably pleasant, conspired to raise emotions in my bosom which I shall always remember and cherish, while I have a taste for the picturesque and romantic scenery of nature. Stretching my eyes in an opposite direction, I now looked beyond the valley, and a vast plain lay before me dressed in all the riches and beauty which labour and art are capable of producing. Viewed at so great a distance, every object showed in miniature to the beholder, and yet on that account only seemed the more pleasing. In one direction might be seen, peeping from between the surrounding trees, the neat and substantial farm house, with fields, and woods, and meadows, surrounding the premises, and every where presenting to the eye the achievements of labor and industry. Here a herd of cattle, dwindled to very pigmies, lowed on the adjoining hill, and there a flock of sheep, still smaller in appearance, grazed the tender herbage. The fallow land afforded a pleasing contrast to the verdant fields around, and the constant variety of hill and dale entertained the imagination without producing any thing like listlessness or fatigue. Farther on, the prospect seemed to be terminated by lofty ridges similar to the one on which we stood, and even beyond these might be seen, the summits of the distant mountains, skirting the very verge of the horizon.

When we had descended to the plain below, the place was pointed out to me where the soldiers of Washington had at one time fixed their winter quarters. As I stood on the decayed rampart, and surveyed the vestiges of what was once a regular encampment, I could not but reflect on the hardships and sufferings which they must have endured who, without clothing or provisions, had here sought shelter from the inclemency of a severe winter, and from the hostile ravages of a cruel and relentless foe. Indeed I considered the place as sacred ground, and as the shades of our departed heroes of the revolution seemed to pass before my eyes, I felt an indscribable awe at the recollection of so much fortitude, courage and self denial. "We know not?" said I, "how many of our brave fathers lie buried in this very spot, having been subdued by suffering and fatigue more than by the weapons of war. From this place on which I now stand, glorying in the birthright of a land of equal and rational liberty, Washington may have often revived the drooping spirits of his army by pointing out to them the abundant fruits of their toils and sufferings, when their children at least should enjoy a land of freedom, and bedew their hallowed graves with tears of grateful remembrance for their heroic services. Sainted martyrs of the revolution! simple and despised as ye once were in appearance, your deeds shall be honorably recorded in history when

the laurels and victories of an impious confederacy in Europe shall only live in the execrations of posterity."

The next day Eliza and I set out for home, but I shall long remember our visit to Montgomery County.

A. J. C.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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### A VISION.

'Tis excellent to have a giant's strength,  
But it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.

SOME evenings since, when tired nature admonished me that repose was necessary to recruit her wasted powers. I sought my pillow, but wooed repose in vain. The mind ever active refused submission to the claims of the body, and still continued to follow the same train of ideas she had been pursuing for the last half hour, on the mutability of man's prospects here—on the apparently unmerited sufferings of poor human nature—on wrongs unredressed and sorrows unallayed, until the sleepless energies of thought agreed to change the subject. While fancy was deciding on her next theme, I happily fell asleep, and had the following dream.—I thought I was on board a steam-boat gliding rapidly along through the unruffled sheet of water that surrounds one of the most beautiful cities of my country. Extensive forests of masts, proclaimed the seat of commerce and wealth, and many glittering steeples shining with magnificent splendour, amid the blaze of a noon-day sun, declared it the abode of refinement, civilization, and religion. As we neared the port, the exhilarating voices of joyous seamen, clad in their bluejackets and white trowsers, bringing to anchor a lofty ship just arrived from a foreign mart, richly laden with the products of another clime, struck my ravished ear, with inexpressible delight. I lightly leaped on shore, and unconscious of which way my footsteps led, pursued my course up a principal street. Every face I met, wore the smile of happiness, and even the carman while heaving the ponderous hogshead on his dray, sung to lighten his labour, a song of joy.

I found myself at length at a place called the Park. Pleased with its cooling shades, and comparatively retired situation, I took a seat on one of the benches prepared for the comfort and convenience of the wearied traveller, and drew in my mind's eye, a picture of the happiness which I supposed to pervade all ranks,



and degrees in that great city. My enthusiasm unwilling to be confined burst forth into the following exclamation. "Here," said I, "is a mighty city, rich in all the enjoyments that can conduce to the happiness of its inmates. Here commerce spreads her sail and wafts across the wide Atlantic, our surplus commodities. Our flour, our cotton, our rice and tobacco are exchanged for the products of Eastern looms, of British work-shops, and West India plantations. Here we have the spices of Arabia, and their medicinal gums, without their scorching deserts and poisonous winds—and the fruits of tropical climes, generated under a vertical sun, without their hurricanes, tornadoes, pestilence and earthquakes. The mines of Peru and of the African Gold coast, gladly exchange their glittering ore, for our more useful productions. The sinews of commerce are plentifully supplied, and no son of freedom compelled to toil, shut from the common air and light of yonder glorious orb, at the instance of an insatiate tyrant, "takes at once the pittance and the scourge." And to crown the whole, here we have liberty, independence and a code of laws founded on reason, dictated by justice, and softened by mercy. Yon ponderous pile reared by the hand of benevolence, affords to the poor and impotent, a refuge where heaven-born charity, if it cannot cure, at least uses every means to alleviate their sufferings. That marble structure just in my view, is the resort of the noble minded merchant to regulate the springs of commerce and place it on a sure and honourable footing: There too justice hold her equal scales, and judges learned in the law, decide each conflicting claim according to the principles of reason and equity.

It was not until this moment that I was conscious of not being entirely alone and unheard, when I perceived on a neighbouring bench, a man of a benign countenance, neither old nor young but seeming both. His looks wore the smile of subdued passion; and a trait of softened melancholy, just enough to proclaim him the child of genius, shone in the features of his face. I was struck at once with the similitude between his looks and those of Mentor as described by Telemachus. The stranger gracefully approached, and seated himself by my side.

"I have" said he "been an attentive listener to your soliloquy, my friend, for such I will call you, since by your sentiments expressed, as you supposed, to no mortal ear, you have proved yourself to be possessed of that kindred feeling which links man to man, that cement of the soul, that solder of society,—joy at others weal. Nor can I, for a moment, doubt the sincerity of your sentiments so expressed, for none speak falsely when no one is present to hear. You are happy! I congratulate you. You are pleased in believing all around you to be also happy. I rever-

your feelings. But come with me, and view a reverse of the picture. I must undeceive you."

"I would not be undeceived, my friend," said I.

"Is not truth then ever lovely, and at all times worthy to be sought for ; and will you still remain enveloped in the fogs of delusion and blinded by the mists of error and ignorance. If man will forever thus turn a deaf ear to the cries of suffering humanity, how will the woes of his kind be ameliorated ? If he pertinaciously insists that wrong and outrage do not exist, how are wrongs and outrages to be redressed ? I have heard you talk of the Alms-house ; let us take our way thither, and you will see for yourself, what my heart would deny my tongue utterance to communicate."

I silently consented, and unconsciously followed my guide to the portal of the door. On entering, all my dreams of the unbounded happiness of my fellow mortals vanished, and I found myself in the abode of squalid misery and irreclaimable misfortune. There, confined in damp and narrow cells, I beheld, *heart broken matrons, mothers never wed*, and victims of seduction and disease; men who once held a distinguished station in the front of society, or wielded successfully the sword of their country, all languishing under a load of woes that to me appeared far more terrible than death itself. One countenance struck me with irresistible force. It was that of a maiden still young, and once beautiful ; but the hand of sorrow, madness, and despair had stamped their indelible features on her face. I hurried from the scene overpowered with my feelings, and enquired of my monitor the history of the fair Maria.

"That Maiden" said my Conductor, "was once the star of fashion in this City, and the centre around which her rival beauties, who seemed to shine only from her borrowed rays, constantly revolved. She was her father's only child, the comfort of his declining age, and the admiration of all who knew her for her piety and virtuous sentiments. Her father was once an opulent merchant, and in the full tide of apparent prosperity, until by the villany of a pretended friend, and the loss of a richly loaded ship, he was *tumbled headlong from the height of life* and suddenly reduced to penury. His lovely daughter, like the youthful ivy to the thunder-blasted oak, still closely clung to her aged parent, and with him fled to an humble cottage, where he hoped, in consideration of his invariable honour and good faith, to be permitted to pass the few remaining years that he was yet destined to live. But this privilege was denied him. Cold calculating avarice stripped the aged man of every vestige of the means of living; and spite of the streaming eyes and heaving bosom of the daughter, hurried him to prison—and for



what? Because he could not perform impossibilities, and arrest the hand of misfortune. It was too much for the generous man, his heart burst in the conflict and he died a victim to that unjust, cruel, and tyrannous law, authorising imprisonment for debt. The news of his sorrowful end reached his daughter, her senses fled, and this is the cause why she is now what you behold her, an irreclaimable maniac. But in all probability, she is still less unhappy, than if reason and memory yet held their empire over her burning brain, reminding her of what she was, and what she is."

"Let us now" said my guide "proceed to the prison." He led the way and I willingly followed, for although I was at first startled at the idea of beholding the miseries of mankind. I now felt a secret desire to penetrate the depths of their wo. Here I found a different scene from that of the alms-house, that filled me with horror without awakening that degree of commiseration I had felt for the unfortunate tenants of the other place. On all hands were hardened, guilty and callous wretches, clanking their chains, and uttering the most horrid imprecations against their keepers, their judges and all mankind. In a dark recess of the dungeon, I beheld one whose various fastenings proclaimed him a great offender; yet his face wore none of those marks of ferocity I had witnessed in others, and a pale sombre melancholy overspread his manly features. I eyed him closely, which he perceiving, thus addressed me. "I see, sir, that you are revolving in your mind, from the manner in which you see me manacled, that my crimes are great and so, alas, they are." "And what is your offence?" "Robbery and Murder." Impelled by a sudden impulse I involuntarily started back. "Stay," said the malefactor, "stay and hear my history, and you will pity and deplore my fate, if not excuse me for my crime." What! pity and deplore the fate, and excuse the crime of a robber, a murderer! no, never! The heaviest punishment that human laws can inflict, is inadequate to such crimes as yours."—"But hear me; I once and not far removed the date, held sentiments in unison with yours. Honour was my polar star, and virtue was by me adored; and lost as I now am, I feel anxious to convince you that my heart is not so depraved as you doubtless imagine it to be. "I was early bound by my father, who had bred me up in the practice and love of virtue, to an opulent merchant of this city. I was faithful to my trust, and gained the good will of all my acquaintances. When the period of my apprenticeship expired, my master added to my small patrimony a sum sufficient to set me up in trade; my intimate knowledge of business and prudent conduct insured success, and I thought myself in a fair way of soon becoming independent.

I had loved from my early youth a beautiful and blooming-

girl, living near my former residence in the country. I flew on the wings of love and tendered her a hand which my heart had long since told me could never belong to another. Nor was I long in persuading her to leave the smiling lawns and vocal groves of the country for my residence in the city, to preside over the house and its master, for she had long entertained a like sentiment towards me. For three years I was the happiest of mortals. But now, my friend, my former master, who had so generously nourished up my fortune, and for whom I had endorsed bills without once inquiring their amount, by one of those unlooked for revolutions in trade, suddenly failed, and I was stripped of my all in satisfaction of his debts. I was preparing to fly with my Laura, whose love seemed to encrease with our misfortunes, and our little Alfred to the country, that I might be able to gain a support for my family by the labour of my hands, when I was seized by my inexorable creditors, who persisted in asserting that I had secreted a part of my property, and hurried to jail. Thus do the laws of a free country give to the hard hearted creditor, the power to condemn his debtor unheard, and to doom him to woe and despair when he has never been guilty of crime. My weeping wife followed me to this den of misery, and I could scarcely persuade her to retire to the country and there await my enlargement, when I promised to follow her. Here on a miserable pallet of straw, covered with rags and filth, and benumbed with the cold and dampness of my cell, I awaited three cheerless wintry months, the tardy hand of the law, and when my period of delivery at last came round, I issued from my confinement with a constitution broken by disease and misery. I sought some friends who in the days of my prosperity had experienced my bounty, and was denied admittance by all. I found myself shut out from the society of man and shunned as something infectious. At last I met with one who had once contracted with me a debt of honour which yet remained unpaid, I recounted to him my sorrows, and reminded him of the debt he owed me, and the circumstances under which it was contracted. He denied all recollection of the loan, and even taxed me with falsehood. This I would not in my better days have submitted to from mortal man. But my high sense of honour was lost in my fallen fortune, and I even stooped to implore him, in consideration of our former friendship, to loan me a small sum that I might fly to the embraces of my wife and child. This he at once refused, and turning upon his heel left me without deigning to cast behind one look of compassion. The shades of night were fast approaching, I had no shelter, nor means to procure one to shield my sickly form from the rage of an impending tempest that threatened every moment to discharge its angry



blasts upon my wo-worn head ; my brain was wrought up to phrenzy, and I vowed eternal enmity to mankind. for, said I, all men are my enemies ; and in the paroxysms of my madness, I formed the dreadful resolution of robbing the first passenger I met. I soon saw one I thought a fit subject for my purpose, demanded in a rough and boisterous tone, the contents of his purse, and swore at the same time if he did not instantly deliver what money he had, that moment should be the last of his existence. Instead of complying with my demand, he drew from his belt a pistol and aimed it at my breast. Nature, though bending under a load of various woes, still tenacious of life, impelled me to ward off the blow, and I wrenched the instrument of death from his gripe. He drew another, and I shot him to the heart ; then rifled his pockets and fled. I knew not and cared not whither : was soon overtaken and dragged to this dungeon. I have been tried, pleaded guilty, and am condemned to suffer death. A few days will end my life and my sufferings. My misfortunes prior to my imprisonment for debt had not broken my spirit ; I was young, healthy, and full of hope ; but that circumstance and its attendant consequences has brought me to what you see, a criminal awaiting the execution of the penalty of the violated laws of my country, for the crime of robbery and murder."

"But where," said I, "is your wife? She is innocent and must be protected; where shall I seek, that I may succour her?"

The culprit heaved a groan, big with horror, and exclaimed, "O! that you had spared me that pang. My wife, sir, hearing of the dreadful act I had committed, distracted, and abandoned by the world, yielded to a base seducer, and is now to be found in the sinks of shame, infamy, and disease ; and my infant is in yonder alms-house, doomed to experience no parent's care, and forever condemned to bear the reproaches of an ungenerous, unfeeling world, for his mother's crimes, and mine." The man of sorrow dropt his head upon his bosom, and would speak no more.

I fled from the scene, and resolved to quit the city, without remaining a single night within its now hateful walls. At parting, my attendant bade me remember the miseries I had witnessed, to fathom their causes, and unceasingly endeavour to prevail on mankind to remedy them.

With the rapidity of thought, I was conveyed to near the centre of the State, and fancied myself attending the debates of the hall of legislation. The subject before the house, was a bill to abolish imprisonment for debt. A spruce young man rose, and twirling his chain of gold and jewelled seals, and displaying to the best advantage a diamond ring, the cost of which useless articles would have freed from captivity a dozen of his fel-

low mortals, confined in that very town for debt; or have prevented a dozen others from ever feeling its doleful influence, and having placed himself in a graceful attitude for speaking, he thus began:

“Mr. Speaker, I hope this bill will not pass the house. This, sir, is a law handed down to us from our ancestors. The wisdom of ages has sanctioned it as necessary and useful, and it must consequently be just and proper. Shall my debtor defraud me of my just dues, and remain unpunished? Shall he be permitted to pass me by, with money in his pocket, nor tremble at my just resentment, at withholding from me my rights? If we cannot imprison the body of the debtor, where is the security of creditors? If the debtor makes promises, and raises expectations with which he can never comply, is it not just, is it not politic, is it not absolutely necessary that he should be severely punished? Indeed I conceive, sir, that the laws in this respect, are already too lenient. We have pruned from our jurisprudential tree, already considerably weakened by your repeated blows, many a necessary branch; we have already erased from the strong code of laws received from our ancestors, many useful statutes, and shall this be also expunged? I shall vote against this bill, sir, and hope it will not become a law.”

He took his seat, and although a very proper man, I thought he looked unlovely and deformed. A dignified member, whom I recognised at once as my city friend, slowly rose, claimed the floor, and addressed the chair.

“Mr. Speaker, I have heard the arguments of the gentleman who has just spoken against the passage of this bill, with astonishment and with regret. Such sentiments as he avows might have suited the dark ages of feudal barbarity among our English ancestors. “When man was doomed the slave of man to toil, yoked with the brutes, and fettered to the soil.” But they ill accord with the generous and liberal institutions of this republic, where every member of the community, not debased by crime, or heart-broken by misfortune, feels himself, and is, of as much consequence to the nation, although he may not be one of the favourites of fortune, as he who has thousands at command. It is this spirit of independence, this consciousness in our citizens of being free, that does, and must support our government, in all its strength and purity; and every thing that tends to weaken that independent feeling should be avoided, and if possible prohibited by law. Go, sir, to the tombs of antiquity, examine the dust of the king and the slave, and read the sacred dogma of equality. It is our system of equality, and the love for, and enjoyment of liberty, that would make our country an equal match for the combined powers of Europe, should they in-



vade us with an intention to subjugate and enslave.—A free people can never be conquered. Here every man would make the public wrong, his private quarrel; for his rights, and his happiness, are so blended and linked with those of his country, that one without the other, cannot exist. The great parent of mankind has implanted in the breast of every human being, and for the wisest of purposes, the love of freedom—its possession sweetens every toil, and its votaries will dare every danger rather than resign the inestimable blessing. But deny him liberty, shut him up in a dreary prison, when he is conscious of having committed no crime; and you alienate his feelings—you break the talismanic chain that binds him to country and society, and degrade the hero and patriot, to a coward and slave.

“And thus the national compact is weakened, for you have broken the spirit, if not made an enemy of one of its firm supporters. It is not gold, sir, nor is it splendid palaces that makes a nation mighty, but hearts filled with the love of their country, and hands able and willing to wield the sword in its defence. Imprisonment for debt cannot be just, for justice never punishes but for the commission of crime, and it is not a crime in the unfortunate debtor, that he was not possessed of the faculty of prescience, nor able to turn aside the hand of fate fraught with misfortune and disappointment. It cannot be useful or availing, but exactly the contrary; for by confining the debtor you wholly prevent him from using his exertions to effect the payment of his debts, or of labouring for the support of his family: you do not further the interest of the creditor, and in addition to private misery, you weaken the sinews of government by withdrawing from its support, a portion of its most useful citizens, for it is evident that one son of labour adds more to the strength of his country than a dozen effeminate minions of fortune. It is to their toil and sweat, sir, that the wealthy citizen owes his goblet overflowing with wines, and his table bending under the weight of choice viands. It is, sir, this class of the community who furnish us every enjoyment by their labour, and who, when the dark clouds of war hover over our land, are seen in the front rank of freedom's defenders; and it is this class that feel the full force of this unjust and tyrannic law. The man who will not pay his debts, when he is possessed of the means, will go to jail with money in his pocket, and fare sumptuously every day; to such an one it is no punishment.—It is inhumane and barbarous; for by snatching away, and burying in a prison the head of a house, you plunge a whole family into want and woe; and their necessities often compel them to vice, and virtue is lost amid the shocks of penury and despair. The man who has felt the torpid touch of imprisonment for debt, too often loses all

sense of honour and justice, and is in consequence, not unfrequently conveyed back to the same jail that knew him a prisoner for debt, for crimes, sometimes of the darkest die, when but for that, he would have still remained uncontaminated by vice.

“I hope, sir, this foul blot will be no longer permitted to stain our code of laws, which are, in most other respects, rational. It is in direct opposition to the principles of our government; it is inhumane, impolitic, and unavailing, and should be erased from our statute book. I would not strike a blow to the injury of our fair tree of jurisprudence; but I would sever from its trunk this ill-boding branch, whose leaves are blasted and withered by the briny tears of the widow and of the orphan, and to whose centre, the canker worm of despair has penetrated, lest it should carry disease and death to the heart of the blooming and vigorous plant of our constitution.

“I shall say no more. Already I believe you are prepared to appreciate and maintain the interests of your constituents; and I shall take my seat, confident of the voice of a large majority in favour of this bill.”

The vote was taken, and carried in the affirmative by overwhelming numbers. A murmur of applause ran through the galleries, and a look of satisfaction brightened the countenances of nearly every member of the house.

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FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE ABSENT MAN.....No. I.

THE AUTHOR.

Worthy reader, in thus presuming for the first time, to introduce myself to your notice, I would fain do it in a modest and becoming manner, and without any of that self-conceit and affectation of knowledge, which methinks, is the crying sin of many authors. In this my first essay, therefore, I would wish to say a few words by way of bespeaking a right understanding betwixt us, being satisfied that this is absolutely necessary to the comfort of both the reader and the writer, without which the one cannot endite with that freedom which is such a marvelous sharpener of the wits, or the other read with that pleasure, which, in the present age, seems to be the only object of reading at all.



It has been often remarked, that we seldom peruse a book with much pleasure, unless we know something of the author, and although there may be many exceptions to this general rule, yet I have always been best pleased with those writers who are in the habit of saying a few words in a sociable way, at the outset, for the purpose of introducing themselves to their readers, and of affording some insight into their characters. A few sentences at the beginning have more effect in bespeaking the good will of a reader than a dozen pages written afterwards, as a pleasant remark made at the commencement of a journey often serves to recommend one to an intelligent and agreeable fellow traveller. Besides this agreeable manner of introducing one's self is not only a gratification to him who peruses a book, but is also a matter of great consequence to the author, whose interest it is to excite in his hearers, at the outset, a kind regard towards himself, and a disposition to be pleased with his performances. In this way, therefore, the interest of both parties is consulted.

Having made these remarks by way of introduction, I shall now proceed to give some account of myself, but in doing so, I shall say nothing of either my age, birth, or parentage, these being circumstances the mention of which would excite but little interest in the reader. Suffice it to say, that at a very early age, I had the misfortune to lose both my parents, who left me, at their death, under the protection of my only uncle, an old bachelor, by whom I was brought up. As I was the only male relation of the old gentleman, and of course likely to inherit his fortune, he took great pains with my education, and afforded me every opportunity of acquiring knowledge, which it was my own fault if I did not improve. Like many other old bachelors, my uncle was remarkable for his singularities, being full of all sorts of strange conceits, and odd humours, and having a way of thinking and acting, peculiar to himself. To say the truth, however, he was a pleasant, kind-hearted, good humoured old gentleman, whose death I shall never cease to regret. He died a short time after I came of age, and left me by his will a snug little fortune, upon which I have always contrived to live very comfortably. From the circumstance of my having lived for many years with my uncle, it would not appear strange that I had acquired some of his singularities.

The greatest peculiarity of my character consists in being subject to occasional fits of abstraction, from which circumstance I have acquired the appellation of the Absent Man. For many years past, I have been remarkable for this peculiarity, which has indeed been to me the cause of a great deal of vexation; inasmuch as I frequently act during my absent moods,

in a manner of which I am heartily ashamed, when I reflect on my conduct afterwards. My friends too, take the liberty of laughing at me very freely, for the blunders that I make on these occasions, though I could never bring myself to believe that I act so ridiculously as they represent me.

Another peculiarity of character, for which I have always been remarkable, is an unconquerable aversion to all sorts of regular employment. This disposition of mine has discovered itself in every thing that I have undertaken in life, so that I have never been engaged in any pursuit, for more than two months at a time; and although I was tried at the three learned professions of law, divinity, and physic, yet I soon grew tired of them, and determined to be of no profession at all.

Throughout the whole of my life I have had a fondness for rambling, and even when a mere boy manifested a strong disposition to travel into foreign countries. Whether this propensity is natural to me, or whether it was acquired from the perusal of books of Voyages in my youth, (as I am told has been the case with many great travellers before me) it is at present impossible to determine; suffice it to say, however, that it has been my fortune to have my inclinations in this respect, gratified. In the course of my life, I have travelled over the greater part of my own country, have visited most of the polite nations of Europe, and have even extended my researches into regions where very few of my countrymen have been before me. But this passion for roving when once indulged in, soon becomes unconquerable, and he who sets out as a traveller in his youth, generally continues to be a traveller until his death. Notwithstanding that I have spent the greater part of my life in rambling from one place to another, I have still as great a disposition to wander as ever; and although I am at present situated in very comfortable quarters, it is impossible to say how long I may remain stationary.

On my first coming to this city about six months ago, it was sometime before I could find lodgings to my liking. I was obliged to quit my first boarding-house, by reason of several young gentlemen boarding there, who were, at that time, learning to play upon the flute, which raised such a disturbance in the house that I soon found it was an unsuitable place for a man of my habits.

I next went to board with a worthy family where I have no doubt I should have been very comfortably situated, had it not been for a widow lady and her daughter, who were lodgers in the house. The widow learning that I was a single man, and apparently in easy circumstances, immediately formed the design of making me her son in law; and accordingly with her daughter,



commenced such a series of marked attentions towards me, that I immediately became alarmed, and was compelled to quit my lodgings in order to escape their machinations

The next place where I took refuge was in the family of a worthy tobacconist, who had been very highly recommended to me. But here I soon found it was impossible for me to continue, for the house of the good man was so completely filled with the fumes of the tobacco and snuff, from his shop which was adjoining, that I was kept in a continual sneeze during the whole time that I remained with him, a thing which utterly discomposed my gravity, and was, moreover, altogether at variance with my usual silent habits.

I afterwards went to board with a respectable widow lady who had two unmarried daughters. These ladies observing that I was remarkably silent, and concluding that I was of course a melancholy man, conceived it to be their duty to entertain me by their conversation. They accordingly made use of every opportunity for this purpose; and so pestered me with long accounts of their family and its different connections, that I soon left my lodgings, that I might escape the inconvenience of being talked to, and I have determined never again to board in the same house with a widow who has unmarried daughters.

The ill success with which I met, at the different boarding-houses I had hitherto tried, induced me to reject them altogether. On leaving the family of the widow, therefore, I took furnished rooms in a pleasant and airy part of the city, where I have remained ever since. The persons in whose house I live, are very clever and respectable people, who, I believe, would do any thing in the world to oblige me; but I hold no communication with them, excepting through my servant, who brings my meals to me regularly three times a day, and informs my land-lady of any thing that I may want to render me comfortable. In this way I have lived very pleasantly for several months.

Having thus let the reader a little into my history, it may, perhaps, be proper that I should say a few words respecting my occupations. Being a bachelor, and in no regular business, a great portion of my time is spent in the society of two or three intimate associates, who are of my own age and rank in life, and who, to tell the truth, bear a strong resemblance to me in character and disposition. In the society of these gentlemen I pass my time very agreeably; for being men of education and travellers, their conversation is at all times calculated to afford instruction and amusement.

Whenever I mingle in the society of the gay world, it is rather for the purpose of making observations on the characters

of others, than of taking any active part in conversation myself; and although I have many acquaintances among persons of fashion, yet excepting the gentlemen whom I have mentioned above, I have no intimate associates.

It is my custom, whenever the weather will allow, to take a daily walk of observation through the city, so that there are very few places in it which I have not visited in the course of these my excursions: in fact, although I am a mere stranger here, yet I believe that I have a better knowledge of the town than many persons who have lived in it during the whole course of their lives. I commonly spend several hours of the week at the different bookseller's shops in looking over the new publications of the day; and at these places I am always sure to find a number of gentlemen as idle as myself, who go there for the same laudable purpose of being amused.

The greater part of my time, however, is passed in my chamber, among my books, they being a set of elegant companions to whom I always recur with pleasure, and from whom I can at all times gain both instruction and amusement.

In whatever situation I am placed, I always contrive to gain information from the incidents that happen to me, and throughout the whole course of my life have been disposed to look upon the world in the pleasantest light possible. In this way I escape that ennui and low spirits which are the cause of so much misery in the world.

The greatest happiness that I enjoy in life consists in the building of air castles; in which employment, I spend a great portion of my time. I have indeed always been disposed to consider the time that is spent in this kind of day-dreaming as among the happiest portions of our existence, inasmuch as he who indulges in it must necessarily be free from those petty vexations and corroding cares which are such mortal enemies to castle-building. It is when indulging in these "dreaming fantasies," that we feel ourselves to be indeed lords of the creation; the imagination kindles into reverie and rapture, the universe with all its varied inhabitants is, for the moment, at our disposal, and it requires only the exercise of the will, to bring before us the brightest visions of fairy land.

How delightful is it, in summer, when all nature is clothed in its bright livery of green, and every thing around us seems full of life and enjoyment, to recline beneath the shade of some spreading tree, and, while gazing with mute delight on the bright piles of golden clouds which lie resting upon the horizon to fancy them fairy regions, and to people them with ideal beings of our own fond creation! And in winter, when every thing without is cheerless and drear, and all nature lies within the embraces



of a partial death. how happy is the man who can withdraw his thoughts from the cares and perplexities of life, and give himself up to the delightful reveries of the imagination, as, on a winter's evening, he draws nearer and nearer to the fire, which diffuses a warm and cheerful glow throughout his apartment, his mind gradually becomes unconscious of the objects which surround him, the world with all its cares and troubles vanishes from before him; and giving full scope to his imagination, he pictures forth to himself some ideal scene of future felicity!

Or if his mind should revert from the present to the scenes of his past existence, he brings before him in imagination all the bright and joyous passages of his life; he calls up in fond review the whole history of his loves and his pleasures; he dwells with delight on the memory of those who have been united to him in the fast bonds of affection, and within the circumscribed walls of his narrow chamber holds sweet and social converse with the distant and the dead.—But I will stop, lest my reader should suppose that I am about to indulge in one of my reveries at his expence.

I have for many years past, while engaged in my travels, been in the habit of taking occasional notes of the scenes and characters that have interested me, and it is from the materials which I have collected in this manner, that I now propose to furnish a few essays for the public. But, gentle reader, whilst perusing these, my hasty productions, I beseech thee to lay aside the austerity of wisdom, and to look upon them in the most favourable light possible. Should they perchance meet with your gracious approbation, the highest wish of my heart will be gratified.

Thine truly,

ANTHONY EVERGREEN.

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### ST. WINIFRED'S WELL.

Prince Hohenloe is not the only modern worker of miracles. It is but a few years since the catholic Right Rev. Dr. Milner, vicar apostolic, &c. &c. wrote a pamphlet to prove the miraculous cure of Winifred White of Wolverhampton, by a pilgrimage to the well of her namesake St. Winifred; that redoubtable virgin, who marched up a hill after her head was cut off. The zealous Dr. challenged all the world to disprove the fact, to the great indignation of the Rev. P. Roberts, the author of the "Popular Antiquities of Wales," who, with equal gravity and solemnity wrote a reply.—What a delectable controversy!

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PODAGRÆ LEVAMEN;

OR,

EXTRACTS FROM A BACHELOR'S CHRONICLE.

No. IX.

Varium et mutabile semper....VIRGIL.

A TRIP TO THE SEA SHORE.

(continued from page 228.)

O, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love

That rules us all completely—POPULAR AIR.

Sure such an odd set

On land or on water ne'er met—SONG.

\*\*\* "Not all roses, Crash," said I, in a conciliating tone to him, as he despondingly gazed after Mrs. Crash. "No indeed, Soberlove—all thorns—all thorns—never get married. O! the halcyon days of celibacy gone, forever gone!" "Why, it *does* appear, my friend, as if you were married to a chattering woman?" "A chattering woman! I'm yoked to a devil, Soberlove—a very devil. To think that I should have been so deceived in her!—curse me if I don't think woman and hypocrisy are synonymous. As I am a sinner Soberlove, I lived with her twenty years, and never had occasion to reprove her. How have I been caught! But where is that young rascal that gave me the molasses? The young rogue—I'll teach him to make such as me the subject of his mischievous tricks!—I will, the villain."—And with the intention of inflicting condign punishment on the boy, he began to search after him. It was some time before he found his object. The youngster no sooner discovered the unintentional mistake he had made in giving Mr. Crash the molasses bottle, instead of the vinegar bottle, than anticipating a castigation, he began to look round for a suitable place where he might be sheltered from the fury of the enraged henpecked husband. Ensconced behind the passenger's trunks, he tremblingly awaited the punishment of his inattention, hoping he might escape his scrutiny, yet fearing that there was but little chance of his being overlooked. Dragging him from his hiding place, Mr. Crash, preparatory to his questions, and probably to suit his hand to the occasion, bestowed repeated blows on the head of the cowering lad. Having somewhat appeased his anger by the chastisement he had inflicted, with rather more



composure than he had exhibited when he had seized hold of the boy, he listened to his defence. Passion held but momentary sway over Mr. Crash, and he was humane to a degree. Satisfied that the boy was innocent of any intentional mischief, and repenting his hastiness, he endeavoured to atone for the punishment he had inflicted on him, by slipping some silver into his hand; and bidding him to be more careful in future, left him to his business.

In order to make our voyage less monotonous and tedious it was agreed among the passengers, that each should relate a tale or anecdote. Many were related. Some were of a really amusing nature, while on the other hand many were insufferable fatiguing and uninteresting. The recital of my friend Tangent seemed to give most general satisfaction; and I will endeavour to give it to the reader, in language as near to his own, as my memory, which indeed has of late become rather treacherous, will permit. It will be a vain attempt, however, in me to strive to make it as agreeable to the reader as it was to the hearer.—I shall call it,

### LOVE IN A KITCHEN; OR, CUPID'S VICTIM.

O love! all conquering love, who is it that can withstand thy power! Thou art no distinguisher of persons; the sceptered monarch and the plain-clad peasant bow alike to thy controul, mighty lord!—Thus did I muse, as I brought to my recollection the loves of Richard Cudroe and the peerless Phillis Clincker.

Richard Cudroe was a son of burning Africa. He could boast of as large a pair of lips, as black a face, and as flat a nose, as any of his countrymen. He was a half a century old, and had lived upwards of forty years with my grandmamma. He performed the different avocations of cook, waiter, &c. Being something like ancient Cæsar in his notions, he wished no one to rule the roast but himself. Hence, contrary to all the persuasions of his mistress, he would be major domo, and would permit none but himself to have aught to do with the kitchen. Richard had held out until his fiftieth year, against all the blandishments of the "*fair sex*," and had continued invincible, even when told he had the prettiest nose, the *softest* skin, and sweetest lips that were ever seen; and he was heard ungraciously to reply to this adulation—"ga'als dont be pouring gravy on me."

Richard Cudroe, was one of those singular, sententious persons whose conversation is generally productive of some gratification. Anxious to hear his opinion of love, as also to obtain some amusement, I rallied him upon his continuing in the state of single blessedness. "Why for I marry, massa?" "To have

a companion and true friend. Did you never feel love for any one, Dick? Come, be candid and tell me." "Oh, ees, I lobe till I die." I was really surprised. "Indeed, Dick! I didn't give you so much credit as you deserved. Why, I thought you were callous to the charms of the sex—I mean you didn't care a button for them." "Ee, but my lobe was'nt sweetheart lobe, but gratitude lobe, I do not believe in sweetheart lobe," said he. Positively, I was a little at a loss to understand him. "What do you call sweetheart love, Dick?" "I'll tell ee, massa. Sweetheart lobe is ben a man court a ga'al for one, two, or tree year—berry bell; den he marry her and lobe her for one and may-bee two month longer; den lobe fly away and he lobe no more." "Ha! ha! ha! so in your estimation, love is but of short duration, and does not continue long after marriage." "Neber as far as I could larn, massa. Dere was Pompey Andrews, and Hector Johnson, and Scipio Bungee, and a whole pack more of em dat all married for lobe:—he! he! how sorry dey be for it now! Why, massa, dere be two young folk next door, berry rich, and a bery pretty pair dey be; now, when I go to empty my slops, I hears sich fighting, scolding and crying!" Humph! thought I, a pretty picture of matrimonial bliss. "But, Dick, you'll own there are exceptions, and that some married people are happy." "None," said the incorrigible Richard, "dat marry for lobe. Berry few of them happy folks, massa." I argued, but I found it was impossible to alter Dick's opinion of that tender passion. "Well, tell me then, what you mean by 'gratitude love?'" "Gratitude lobe, young massa, is dat sort of lobe I feel for missus. I lobe her (my way) better dan any ting. I would die for missus." (The poor negro's eyes were humid with tears.) Massa, missus is one of dem good people, dat great Massa in Heaben, send down to this here world for 'sample to oder folks; she do seem like angel com'd from up yonder to live upon yearth." The grateful sentiments with which the bosom of the poor fellow was fraught, made him garrulous. "Ben I was sold to massa, missus' poor dead husband, I was but a little child, and berry sick. Bell, missus nursed I herself, and gave I de medicum and oder doctor stuff with her own hands—to me a poor niger boy and slave! Ben I got big 'nough to take care of myself, missus said I was free to go where I liked, and did offer me money to do business for myself; but I didn't want to leave kind missus, so I staid, and I hope and pray God 'Mighty, dat I die 'fore she do." He seemed much affected, and I left him.

Howbeit the little god, regent of love rhymes, lord of folded arms, and sovereign annointed of sighs and groans, guardian of shady bowers and retired spots, &c. who never permits any



one with impunity to deride his power. determined that the invulnerable Richard Cudroe, should do penance for his contempt of love, and that he who had said so often, "he didn't care a quid of tobacker for all the ga'als he had ever seen, and was content that love might be resident in any person but himself, should own and venerate his power. So siezing an arrow from his quiver. Don Cupid bent his bow, and shot the weapon; his aim was true, and Richard Cudroe's heart was pierced.

Richard was sitting at the front of the door one day after his quotidian toils were over, i. e. he had finished his culinary duties, when he beheld the beautiful Miss Phillis Clincker sitting at the door of the next house.

"He look'd upon her, and her hurried gaze,  
Was at his look dropped instant to the ground."

It cannot be a matter of surprise that Cudroe was smitten. Miss Clincker was no common beauty. The poet's fancy never created *such* a creature. To attempt to describe her various charms would be a fruitless effort. Her countenance bronzed by forty summer suns, especially after exercise might have vied in colour with polished ebony, and contrasted well with her exquisite broad blood-colored lips, which when parted (as they most generally were) discovered a set of teeth of pearl, of snow-white chasteness. Her nose was not of the Medecean,—Grecian, or Roman mould. Lavater himself would have been puzzled how to class it. It might with propriety perhaps have been denominated a *pug* nose. Her hair which was literally as black as the raven's plume, reposed in clustering ringlets on her head, appearing to the beholder like the wool on the body of a sable coloured ewe. Her form—Oh! never was such a form

"Fashioned in dream or story, to create  
Wonder and love in man."

It was really of pipe-like rotundity, and in symmetry not unlike a street pump. When Richard first beheld her, she was reclining upon the door sill, with her elegantly formed arm exposed to his view, and her grey, love beaming eyes directed towards him. Could he, without emotion, contemplate a being that gazed so upon him? Oh! no; the sensations with which he contemplated her, increased each moment. At this time the cruel God of Love inflicted his wound, and Cudroe was conquered.

I cannot take time to detail how Richard became acquainted personally with Miss Phillis Clincker, and of his numerous stealthy meetings with that "perfection of a woman!" However, ere he had a second interview with his adored, he was, if I may be allowed to say so, over head and ears in love.

It was my good fortune to be an eye witness to one of the meetings of the enraptured lovers. Miss Phillis Clincker, had been on an errand to Cudroe's mistress. Having executed it, she was returning home, when, as she passed through the yard, parallel to Richard's domains, he, who was then superintending the roasting of a pair of wild fowl, either from curiosity to see who it was that approached, or from that sympathy which ever attracts lovers indicating to him that the empress of his soul was nigh; retaining a ladle in his hand, which he had been using for some culinary purpose, he thrust his arm first, and his woolly pate afterwards out of the window. "Ah! sweet Phillis, is dat you? Good mornin, give me a kiss," he exclaimed, when he beheld the sable form of his "peerless she." Not quite so squeamish as some females, to deny what they would willingly grant without the asking, Phillis wiped her face with the corner of her apron, and prepared to present her pouting lips to the fond Adonis, whose wistful looks indicated the longing he felt to partake of their sweets:—I say *prepared*, because it was a matter of some difficulty to bring the two pair of lips into contact. Howbeit, before the outside of the window there was a large stand for bow-pots, to which Phillis ascended; but as neither of the fond ones were very tall, though they stood upon their tip toes, stretched out their necks like cranes, and reached forward to the utmost of their power, they were unable to come within reach of each others lips by a half an inch.—Perhaps, reader, you have seen a vile and malignant calumniator, after he has been severely horse-whipped; or, a puppy, when he has had his nose tweaked; if you have, then you can figure to your imagination, the sheepish, simple, and disappointed looks of the two lovers; and you may easily suppose what were their sensations, if you have ever dreamed that you were in possession of an inestimable treasure, and on waking found it was but a trick of the tantalizing servant of Morpheus. They remained in their ludicrous position for some time, when Richard, with an effort of which I thought he was incapable, gave a spring at her lips, but the frolicsome jade Fortune, who is never better pleased than when she makes "poor smitten souls" the subject of her humour, determined that the reward of his exertion should only be a severe blow in his most vulnerable part—his head, which came athwart the window sash in his progress to the heaven of his desire. Probably Richard was convinced that the "course of true love never did run smooth," if he did not know that love and danger were buckled together, for, prudence dictated the lifting up of the window sash, a little higher before he made another attempt; which having performed, he risked a second effort to sip the sweets on the lips of his dulcenea. More successful than at first, he



snatched the nectar so temptingly offered by Miss Phillis Clincker, and exclaimed as he drew his head, "now good day, hinney, my dinner is scorching for want of basting," while the "lady in mourning" moved off with satisfaction visibly displayed upon her countenance.

A few days after this occurrence, I happened to be passing through the kitchen, when I was hailed by Cudroe. "Massa," said he, "will you tell me if you were eber in lobe?" "What kind of love Dick?" I demanded, smiling at his interrogatory. "Sweetheart lobe, massa." "Why it is rather a ticklish question to answer, Dick."—"He! he! don't like to say—no matter, massa, but you hab known folks who hab been in lobe, and dey tell ee how lobe feel—you hab read 'bout lobe?" "Oh, yes Dick, I know persons who said they were in love, and have read a great deal about that passion." Berry bell, that will do. I want to know, massa, now, how folks feel when dey are in lobe, and how dey look?"—"Why they generally look pale, thin, and sickly; sometimes."—"But," interrupted Cudroe, "coloured folks can't look pale, massa, how den?" Restraining my laughter as well as I could, I replied, "they may have a lean cheek, and look sick."—Dick cast a pitiful glance towards a piece of looking-glass, nailed to the wall opposite him. "Eat very little." His under jaw fell.—"Seek for retired spots, and gloomy shades."—He appeared discomposed.—"Love the sight of their mistress better than any one else."—His eyes brightened.—"And go about unmindful of their appearance, with soiled clothes, demonstrating desolation, and"—"But massa," interrupted Cudroe, "'spose de lober be like me, wid dirty working clothes on always, how den?" His last quere quite discomposed my self-possession, and I burst into a loud fit of laughter, which so offended him that he would not deign to propose to me any more questions. I left him; and as I was retiring, I heard Richard saying as he was viewing his reflection in the looking-glass, "I must be in lobe, by what young massa says. A lober is tin, he said; I am berry tin; but den I eats like a horse. I lobe de sight of sweet Phillis, to any body else, (and he sighed). I wish young massa no laugh at me, I wanted to ax him a good deal more. I'll marry Phillis. I lobe her, and she lobe me."

Entwined in each others arms, beside the kitchen fire-place, reclined Cudroe and Phillis. It was an interesting sight. An unsnuffed, yellow, tallow candle, shed its golden light upon the countenances of the fond pair; and the back-log, burning in the chimney, seemed to sigh responsively to the moans that rose from the bosoms of the lovers. "Phillis," exclaimed the delighted Richard, "will ee marry me?" The maiden replied not. Her

head fell upon his shoulder, and a tear stood on her cheek, glistening like a dewdrop, on a copper coloured toad-stool. Richard felt that his suite was not rejected. He was a positive character, and he wanted a positive answer. "Will ee hab me for a husband?" again he asked. His timid companion feebly articulated "ees." The monosyllable fell sweeter on his ear, than the dulcet sounds of the exhaled juices of a roasting round of beef, descending into the receiver beneath.

Lovers "take no note of time," and ere our enamoured pair were aware of its flight, the iron tongue of a neighbouring clock, acquainted them that it was the eleventh hour. Phillis hastened to tear herself from the arms of her dear Richard, lest she might be locked out. Often did Cudroe exclaim, "Good night, binney," but still he kept her in his arms. At last they separated; Phillis departing for her home, through the wood cellar, and Cudroe to his mattress, to dream of his mistress; for though a lover, he could sleep. I would feign draw a veil over the sequel, but it must not be. It was agreed between the dusky pair, that they should be united two days after the meeting just mentioned. Reader, if you have tears to shed, shed them for Richard Cudroe. Lo! on the very evening, anterior to the day that he was to lead Phillis Clincker to the Hymeneal altar, she eloped with Phoenix Jones. His face was blacker than Richard's, and he looked so irresistibly engaging in his small tight green coatee, broad striped pantloons, and crimson vest, that her heart yielded itself a willing slave to his superior attractions, and Cudroe was left to lament and curse the perfidy of woman. *O crudelis amor!*

Alas! poor Cudroe! he was unable to bear up against the stroke. Even his culinary duties were neglected. The once punctual Richard, seemed to forget that it was necessary to prepare meals; and when reminded of his duty, it was only to put on the table, charred meat, sauces mixed with vinegar instead of butter, salt instead of sugar, and pepper instead of pickles. He never told his love,

"But let concealment like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on"

his ebon cheek. At last a prey to grief and melancholy, the poor negro died of a BROKEN HEART. A few hours before he bade a long good night to the world, he called me to his bed side, and showing me a *ringlet* of Phillis's hair, requested me to see that it was buried with him. I complied with his dying wish.

He lies interred in the African cemetery. A head-stone tells where he "sleeps without a pillow." As the *fair sex* with their lovers, stroll through the church-yard, and the sexton relates



to them the story of Richard Cudroe and Phillis Clincker, they shudder as they think, how in spite of his contempt of the power of love, poor Cudroe became CUPID'S VICTIM.

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\*\*\* Fearing it might not be a theme, exactly pleasing to my delicate readers, I will not detail the many very ludicrous accidents that occurred when the passengers became sea sick; let it suffice to say, we were all at length landed, and stowed into wretched vehicles, to be carried to the Watering place Hotels.—But I must for the present drop the narrative. E. R.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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SIR,

I have remarked, for some time past, with great pain, the encouragement you have given to a person, signing himself, E. R. I considered you as too great a friend to the fair sex, to allow your pages to be sullied with aspersions against them: particularly from one who from his own confession, must be incapable of judging on the subject, living, as he has long done, in hopeless loneliness, with his temper soured by attacks of the gout. This man chooses to vent his spleen on unoffending females, merely, it would seem, because he cannot enjoy their society.

Now, though I know that many females deserve censure, yet I must protest against an enemy so uncandid and unfair: for what can be more so, than to bring forward such a pair as Mr. and Mrs. Crash, as examples of the misery of the married life. If one marries a servant, and finds himself unhappy in matrimony, is that a reason why *all* should be so? If a merchant fails in a speculation, it will not deter others from making a similar attempt. I shall just give a brief account of myself, as the best mode of proving the fallacy of E. R.'s opinions.

I have been married more than twenty-four years, and never in that time could complain of my wife. At the age of twenty, I began my search for a partner; I mixed in the society of females, and the more I knew of them, the more I admired them. It is true, I found some of them weak, vain, frivolous beings, who lived on adulation, and received the grossest flattery as the just tribute of their charms: others pretended to be sentimental, and sickened the company with their affectation and folly. But more were widely different, amongst whom was Catharine S— my sister's most intimate friend. I often accompanied my sister in her visits to this charming girl. Her father was a gentleman

of an independent fortune, well known in the city for his benevolence and generosity: her mother was such a wife as Mr. S—— deserved, and that is saying every thing that is good of her. Catharine resembled her amiable mother; she was not a polished beauty, but her smile was so irresistably sweet, and the whole expression of her countenance so amiable, that it was impossible not to think her handsome. I soon found that she had made an impression on my heart, never to be effaced; but I had lately heard so much against marriage, that I dreaded to propose it, lest I should unite myself to misery: yet when I thought of the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. S—, and their family, I hoped that I might one day be, like the father of that family, and Catharine like their mother, dispensing cheerfulness and comfort through the domestic circle. I, in consequence, proposed—was accepted—and became the happy husband of Catharine. I have known sorrow since I married; but every pang has been alleviated by her fond affection. Such is the short sketch of my situation, and I presume I am not the only person thus blessed with a valuable wife.

However, convinced as I am, that generally speaking, the marriage state yields much more happiness than that of celibacy, I do not at present intend to enter into a minute discussion on the subject. My aim is merely to expostulate with E. R., on the ungenerous manner in which he treats the female sex, whom it should be *our* business to protect from injury, and not to load with imputations so false and unfounded.

In the first place, Mr. E. R. introduces us to the daughter of a fishwoman, married to a weak, ignorant man. We are next entertained with their quarrels, and subsequent misfortunes; all of which are doubtless amusing. But because Mr. Drubbs allows himself to be *drubbed* by his wife, and because a fishwoman's daughter does not possess refinement and delicacy, must marriage be misery, and wives, plagues; and from them must we fly as from our worst and most bitter enemies? The next specimen of matrimony afforded us by this slanderous writer, is that of a gentleman married to his housekeeper, a very proper person in her station, but as the wife of her master, very disagreeable. This man is unhappy in marriage, because he married unsuitably. But are all women like Mrs. Drubbs and Mrs. Crash? Now, let me refer it to any sensible man, does E. R. act a candid or a generous part, in choosing the most despicable of the sex, and holding them up as samples of *all* females? The sex which claims Moore, Edgeworth, Barbault, Montague, and many others equally celebrated, cannot be without defenders. Shall a Mrs. Drubbs and a Mrs. Crash represent that sex to which the world owes some of its brightest ornaments? No! forbid it



truth, justice, candour! and while we reflect that all are not so highly gifted as the former. let us also remember, that such as the latter are by no means sufficiently numerous, to be considered the true representatives of the female world.

Convinced that the sensible part of your readers will take part against E. R. I shall conclude by hoping he will not trouble himself by seeking in future such bright patterns of female goodness, wherewith to entertain the public. But if it reconciles him and his single-living fraternity to their forlorn state, let him rail on; the female sex, I presume, will not interrupt him, for they cannot be injured by his ungenerous attacks.

PHILOGENES.

Philogenes is more serious in his observations on the subject of E. R's communications than, in our opinion, either their matter or tendency merits. But this is an affair we shall leave for E. R's consideration, and confine ourselves to our own justification.

It must not be supposed that, because we have admitted into our Magazine certain satirical "Extracts from a Bachelor's Chronicle," in which some matrimonial portraits, not very flattering to the softer sex, are given, that we coincide with the general tone of the sentiments therein expressed by our peevish and gouty correspondent. On the contrary, we have the strongest conviction of the benefits which society derives from that most sacred of all human ties, the marriage compact, as well as of the rich fund of pure happiness which it is capable of affording to all who engage in it from proper motives, and who yield a proper regard to the obligations it imposes.

But although from the institution of marriage may proceed the greatest share of our happiness in life, none can be ignorant that a great share of misery also flows from it. To exhibit some of the causes of the latter, and expose them to public censure or ridicule, may, therefore, be a useful employment; and the moralist or the satirist who attempts to promote the peace of families, by exhibiting pictures of the absurdity and mischief of connubial discord, certainly deserves well of the community, and should be encouraged in his efforts.

We do not, however, approve of the unqualified and sweeping terms in which our misogynist E. R. sometimes deals out his

censure on the sex. If he were to confine his ridicule to the exposure of termagant wives or conceited misses, no one would refuse him the credit of intending well: the ladies themselves could not be justly offended with him, nay, the intelligent part of them would rather feel grateful to him for pointing out for their avoidance, the rocks on which too many of the sisterhood wreck the respectability and happiness of themselves and their families.

That every case of connubial discord does not rise from the misconduct or ill temper of wives, we readily admit. Their are ill-tempered and ill-behaved husbands in the world; and we should have no objection if some smart satirical lady should retaliate effectually on E. R. and inflict a deserved castigation on such of his sex, as by their misconduct, disturb the harmony of the married life.

But, placing bad wives out of the question, now when we are on a subject so closely connected with the merits of the softer sex, permit us to indulge a little in the expression of our feelings and sentiments towards them. Heaven knows that no created objects have possessed more of our admiration than the ladies, whether they deserved it or not. To nothing beautiful in nature have we been so sensibly alive as to their beauty; and to no species of beings have we been always so ready to attribute every species of excellence. We frankly confess that so much have female attractions possessed themselves of our imagination, that every thing connected with their external appearance, even to the hanging of a shawl upon a nail, or the waving of a white petticoat at a distance, although we knew not to whom either belonged, has occasioned in our heart a palpitation of pleasure, which nothing unassociated with the idea of woman could produce, and which was sufficient to compensate for any inconvenience to which her society might occasionally subject us. Ah! what man, possessed of human feelings would relinquish the sweet society of women on account of a few inconveniences! Who that has felt the happiness imparted by their smiles, and the softening influence of their conversation, would think of attaching any importance to the trouble of gratifying their whims, humouring their caprices, or upholding their dignity and consequence in the world. Wretched, indeed, must be the man whose cares and anxieties cannot draw consolation from the



presence of a lovely female, solicitous for his welfare, and endeavouring by her tender attentions to alleviate his misfortunes, to remove his difficulties, to act the part of a wife, a sister, a friend! Let misogynists and old bachelors say what they will, without the sweetening influence of female tenderness over the affairs of life, even they would be ten times more wretched than they are; for in the various grievances and calamities unavoidably incident to life, if they had no kindlier comforters than their brother men, harsh, indeed, would be their lot, and thorny the path of their existence.

To a sensible and well regulated mind, the world cannot afford a more beautiful and attractive sight, than that of a woman arrived at the maturity of loveliness; and if her temper be amiable, her mind cultivated, and her principles correct, he is unworthy of the name of man who will refuse her the admiration and homage due to a being so perfect, and so capable of diffusing happiness to all around her. Blest is the man who becomes the husband of such a woman. She adorns his table, cheers his guests, and sweetens his whole domestic circle; she is the most faithful steward of his household. She becomes a mother, and exhibits a sight more endearing and gratifying than ever, in the capacity of the tender nurse of a young generation. How precious, how rapturous are the affections that flow with the milk from her bosom, as she administers the wholesome nutriment to the smiling infant in her lap! Let bachelors boast of their freedom from cares and crosses, as much as they please, they are objects of pity, for they can never know the delight which the husband of such a woman must experience when he beholds her fondly smiling on his cherub offspring, as it softly and sweetly nestles in her maternal bosom. Is it not worth while to undergo many cares and crosses to enjoy the sensations of such a husband and father? E. R. and all such peevish unhappy beings cannot answer such a question, for they are incapable of estimating such joys. To them, therefore we do not put the question. We put it to the unprejudiced, the intelligent, and the well disposed portion of mankind; and we can easily anticipate their answer in the words of a rural poet:

“Connubial cares, oh! let me prove,  
For sweet is toil when blest with love.”

**LITTLE DOMINICK ;**  
**OR,**  
**THE WELSH SCHOOLMASTER AND IRISH PUPIL.**

(From an Essay on Irish Bulls, by Richard Lovell Edgeworth and Maria Edgeworth.)

**LITTLE DOMINICK**, was born at Fort-Reilly, in Ireland, and bred no where till his tenth year ; when he was sent to Wales, to learn manners and grammar at the school of Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones. This gentleman had reasons to think himself the greatest of men—for he had over his chimney piece a well smoked geneology, duly attested, tracing his ancestry in a direct line up to Noah ; and, moreover, he was nearly related to the learned etymologist who, in the time of queen Elizabeth, wrote a folio volume to prove that the language of Adam and Eve, in Paradise, was pure Welsh. With such causes to be proud, Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones, was excuseable for sometimes seeming to forget that a school-master is but a man. He, however, sometimes forgot that a boy is but a boy, and this happened most frequently with respect to Little Dominick.

This unlucky wight was flogged every morning by his master, not for his vices ; but for his vicious constructions ; and laughed at every evening for his idiomatic absurdities. They would probably have been inclined to sympathise in his misfortunes, but he was the only Irish boy at school ; and as he was at a distance from all his relations, and without a friend to take his part, he was a just object of obloquy and derision. Every sentence he spoke was a bull, every two words he put together proved a false concord, and every sound he articulated betrayed the brogue ; but, as he possessed some of the characteristic boldness of those who have been dipped in the Shannon, though he was only Little Dominick, he shewed himself able and willing to fight his own battles with the host of foes by whom he was encompassed. Some of these, it was said, were nearly of twice his stature. This may be exaggerated ; but it is certain that our hero sometimes ventured with sly Irish humour, to revenge himself on his most powerful tyrant, by mimicking the Welsh accent with which Mr. Owen ap Jones said to him—‘ Cot pless me, you plockit, and shall I never *learn* you English Crammer?’

It was whispered in the ear of this Dionysius, that our little hero was a mimick—and he was now treated with increased severity.



The midsummer holidays approached ; but he feared that they would shine no holidays for him. He had written to his mother to tell her that the school would break up the 21st ; and begged an answer without fail by return of post—but no answer came.

It was now nearly two months since he had heard from his dear mother, or any of his friends in Ireland. His spirits began to sink under the pressure of these accumulated misfortunes—he slept little, eat less, and played not at all: indeed nobody would play with him on equal terms, because he was nobody's equal; his school-fellows continued to consider him as a being, if not of a different species, at least of a different *cast* from themselves.

Mr. Owen ap Jones's triumph over the little Irish plockit was nearly complete, for the boy's heart was almost broken, when there came to the school a new scholar—O how unlike the rest!—His name was Edwards: he was the son of a neighbouring Welsh gentleman, and he had himself the spirit of a gentleman. When he saw how poor Dominick was persecuted, he took him under his protection, fought his battles with the Welsh boys, and instead of laughing at him for speaking Irish, he endeavoured to teach him to speak English. In his answers to the first questions Edwards ever asked him, little Dominick made two blunders, which set all his other companions in a roar—yet Edwards would not allow them to be genuine bulls.

In answer to the question, “who is your father?” Dominick said with a deep sigh, “I have no father—I am an orphan\*—I have only a mother.”

“Have you any brothers and sisters?”

“No! I wish I had, for perhaps they would love me, and not laugh at me,” said Dominick with tears in his eyes ; “but I have no brothers but *myself*.”

One day Mr. Owen ap Jones came into the school-room with an open letter in his hand saying, “Here, you little Irish plockit, here's a letter from your mother.”

The little Irish blockhead started from his form, and throwing his grammar on the floor, leaped up higher than he or any other boy in the school had ever been seen to leap before ; then clapping his hands, he exclaimed—“A letter from my mother:—And *will* I hear the letter?—And *will* I see her once more?—And *will* I go home these holidays?—O, then I *will* be happy!”

“There is no danger of that,” said Mr. Owen ap Jones, “for your mother, like a wise ooman, writes me here, that py the atvice of your cardian, to oom she is going to pe married, she will not

\* Iliad 6th book, l. 432. Andromache says to Hector. “You will make your son an orphan, and your wife a widow.”

bring you home to Ireland, till I send her word you are perfect in your English crammer, at least."

"I have my lesson perfect, sir," said Dominick, taking his grammar up from the floor: "*will* I say it now?"

"No, you plockit, you *will* not: and I *will* write your mother word you have proke Priscian's head four times this tay since her letter came."

Little Dominick, for the first time, was seen to burst into tears—"Will I hear the letter?—Will I see my mother?—Will I go home?"

"You Irish plockit!" continued the relentless grammarian: "you Irish plockit, will you never learn the tifference between *shall* and *will*?"

The Welsh boys all grinned, except Edwards, who hummed loud enough to be heard,

"And *will* I see him once again;  
And *will* I hear him speak?"

Many of the boys were unfortunately too ignorant to feel the quotation, but Mr. Owen ap Jones understood it, turned on his heel and walked off.

Soon afterward he summoned Dominick to his awful desk, and pointing with his ruler to the following passage in Harris's *Hermes*, bade him "reat it, and understant it, if he could."

Little Dominick read but could not understand.

"Then read it aloud, you plockit."

Dominick read aloud—

"There is nothing *appears so clearly* an object of the mind or intellect only as the *future* does since we can find no place for its existence any where else; but not the same, if we consider, *is equally true* of the past—"

"Well, co on—what stops the plockit—cant you read English now?"

"Yes, sir, but I was trying to understand it: I was considering, that this is like what they would call an Irish bull, if I had said it."

Little Dominick could not explain what he meant in English, that Mr. Owen ap Jones *would* understand: and to punish him for his impertinence, the boy was doomed to learn all that Harris and Lowth have written to explain the nature of *shall* and *will*.—The reader, if he be desirous of knowing the full extent of the penance enjoined, may consult Lowth's grammar, p. 52, ed. 1799 and Harris's *Hermes*, p. 10, 11, and 12, fourth edition.

Undismayed at the length of his task, little Dominick only said—"I hope, if I say it all without missing a word, you will not give my mother a bad account of me and my grammar studies, sir."



“Say it all, first, without missing a word, and then I shall see what I shall say,” replied Mr. Owen ap Jones.

Even the encouragement of the oracular answer excited the boy's fond hopes so keenly, that he lent his little soul to the task, learned it perfectly, said it at night, without missing one word, to his friend Edwards, and said it the next morning without missing one word to his master.

“And now, sir,” said the boy looking up, “will you write to my mother? And *shall* I see my mother? And *shall* I go home?”

“Tell me, first, whether you understand all you have learnt so cliply,” said Mr. Owen ap Jones.

That was more than his bond. Our hero's countenance fell—and he acknowledged that he did not understand it perfectly.

“Then I cannot write a coot account of you and your crammer studies to your mother; my conscience coes against it!” said the conscientious Mr. Owen ap Jones.

No intreaties could move him, Dominick never saw the letter that was written to his mother—but he felt the consequence. She wrote word, this time, punctually *by return of the post*, that she was sorry she could not send for him home these holidays, as she had heard so bad an account from Mr. Owen ap Jones, &c. and as she thought it her duty not to interrupt the course of his education, especially his grammar studies.

Little Dominick heaved many a sigh when he saw the packing up of his school-fellows; and dropped a few tears, as he looked out of the window, and saw them, one after another, get on their Welsh ponies, and gallop off towards their homes.

“I have no home to go to!” said he.

“Yes, you have,” cried Edwards, “and *our* horses are at the door to carry us there.”

“To Ireland—me—the horses!” said the poor boy, quite bewildered.

“No, the horses cannot carry you to Ireland,” said Edwards, laughing good naturedly; “but you have a home now in England. I asked my father to let me bring you home with me, and he says ‘yes,’ like a dear good father, and has sent the horses—‘Come let's away.’”

“But will Mr. Owen ap Jones let me go?”

“Yes—he dares not refuse, for my father has a living in his gift that Owen ap Jones wants, and which he will not have if he does not change his tune to you!”

Little Dominick could not speak one word, his heart was so full.

No boy could be happier than he was during these holidays—the genial current of his soul, which had been frozen by unkindness, flowed with all its natural freedom and force.

Whatever his reasons might be, Mr. Owen ap Jones from this time forward was observed to change his manners towards his Irish pupil—he never more complained of him breaking Priscian's head, seldom called him Irish plockit, and once would have flogged a Welsh boy for taking up this cast expression of his master's, but that the Irish blockhead begged the culprit off.

Little Dominick sprang forward in his studies—he soon surpassed every boy in the school, his friend Edwards only excepted. In process of time, his guardian removed him to a higher seminary of education. Edwards had a tutor at home. The friends separated. Afterwards they followed different professions in distant parts of the world, and they never saw or heard more of each other for many years.

Dominick, no longer little Dominick, went over to India as private secretary to one of our commanders-in-chief. How he got into this situation, or by what gradations he rose in the world, we are not exactly informed: we only know that he was the reputed author of a much admired pamphlet on India affairs; that the despatches of the general to whom he was secretary, were remarkably well written; and that Dominick O'Reilly, Esq. returned to England, after several years absence, not miraculously rich, but with a fortune equal to his wishes. His wishes were not extravagant—his utmost ambition was to return to his native country with a fortune that should enable him to live independently of all the world, especially of some of his relations, who had not used him well. His mother was no more!

On his arrival in London, one of the first things he did, was to read the Irish newspapers. To his inexpressible joy he seen the estate of Fort Reilly advertised to be sold—the very estate which had formerly belonged to his family. Away he posted directly to an attorney in Cecil street, who was empowered to dispose of the land.

When the attorney produced the map of the well known demesne, and an elevation of the house in which he had spent the happiest hours of his infancy, his heart was so touched that he was on the point of paying down for an old ruin more than a good new house would cost. The attorney acted honestly by his client, and seized this moment to exhibit a plan of the stabling and offices, which (as is sometimes the case in Ireland) were in a style far superior to the dwelling house. Our hero surveyed these with transport: He rapidly planned various improvements in the imagination, and planted several favourite spots in the demesne! During this time the attorney was giving directions to a clerk about some other business; suddenly the name of Owen ap Jones struck his ear—he started.



“Let him wait in the front parlour; his money is not forthcoming,” said the attorney; “and if he keeps Edwards in jail till he rots——.”

“Edwards! Good Heavens!—in jail!—What Edwards?” exclaimed our hero.

It was his friend Edwards!

The attorney told him that Mr. Edwards had been involved in great distress by taking on himself his father’s debts, which had been incurred in exploring a mine in Wales; that of all the creditors, none had refused to compound, except a Welsh parson who had been presented to his living by old Edwards; and that this Mr. Owen ap Jones had thrown young Mr. Edwards into jail for the debt.

“What is the rascal’s demand? He shall be paid off this instant,” cried Dominick, throwing down the plan of Fort Reilly: “send for him up, and let me pay him off on the spot.”

“Had not we best finish our business first about the O’Reilly estate, sir?” said the attorney.

“No sir; damn the O’Reilly estate!” cried he huddling the maps together on the desk; and taking up the bank-notes, which he had begun to reckon for the purchase money—“I beg your pardon, sir—if you knew the facts you would excuse me.—Why does not this rascal come up to be paid?”

The attorney, thunderstruck by this Hibernian impetuosity, had not yet found time to take his pen out of his mouth. As he sat transfixed in his arm-chair, O’Reilly ran to the head of the stairs, and called out in a Stentorian voice, “Here you, Mr. Owen ap Jones, come up, and be paid off this instant, or you shall never be paid off at all.”

Up stairs hobbled the old school-master, as fast as the gout and Welsh ale would let him—“Cot pless me, that voice”—— he began.

“Where’s your bond, sir?” said the attorney.

“Safe here, Cot be praised!” said the terrified Owen ap Jones, pulling out of his bosom, first a blue pocket handkerchief, and then a tattered Welsh grammar, which O’Reilly kicked to the farther end of the room.

“Here is my pond,” said he, “in the crammer,” which he had gathered from the ground; then fumbling over the leaves, he at length unfolded the precious deposit.

O’Reilly saw the bond, seized it, looked at the sum, paid it into the attorney’s hands, tore the seal from the bond; then without looking at old Owen ap Jones, whom he dared not trust himself to speak to, he clapped his hat on his head, and rushed out of the room. He was, however, obliged to come back again, to ask where Edwards was to be found.

“In the king’s-bench prison, sir,” said the attorney. “But am I to understand,” cried he, holding up the map of the O’Reilly estate, “am I to understand that you have no farther wish for this bargain?”

“Yes—No—I mean you are to understand that I am off,” replied our hero, without looking back, “I’m off, that’s plain English.”

Arrived at the king’s-bench prison, he hurried to the apartment where Edwards was confined: the bolts flew back, for even the turnkeys seemed to catch our hero’s enthusiasm.

“Edwards, my dear boy, how do you do?—Here’s a bond debt, justly due to you for my education—O never mind asking any unnecessary questions, only just make haste out of this undeserved abode—our old rascal is paid off—Owen ap Jones, you know—well, how the man stares!—Why now will you have the assurance to pretend to forget who I am? and must I *spake*,” continued he, assuming the tone of his childhood—“and must I *spake* to you again in my old Irish brogue, before you will *ricollect* your own little *Dominic*?”

When his friend Edwards was out of prison, and when our hero had leisure to look into business, he returned to the attorney, to see that Mr. Owen ap Jones had been satisfied.

“Sir, said the attorney, I have paid the plaintiff in this suit; and he is satisfied. But I must say,” added he, with a contemptuous smile, “that you Irish gentlemen are rather in too great a hurry in doing business; business, sir, is a thing that must be done slowly to be well done.”

“I am ready now to do business as slowly as you please; but when my friend was in prison, I thought the quicker I did the business the better. Now tell me what mistake I have made, and I will rectify it instantly.”

“Instantly!—’Tis well, sir, with your promptitude, that you have to deal with what prejudice thinks so very uncommon—an honest attorney. Here are some bank-notes of yours, sir, amounting to a good round sum! You have made a little blunder in this business: you left me the penalty instead of the principal of the bond—just twice as much as you should have done.”

“Just twice as much as was in the bond, but not twice as much as I should have done, nor half as much as I should have done, in my opinion,” said O’Reilly; “but whatever I did, it was with my eyes open. I was persuaded you was an honest man, in which you see I was not mistaken: and as a man of business, I knew that you would pay Mr. Owen ap Jones only his due. The remainder of the money I meant and now mean should lie in your hands for my friend Edwards’s use: I feared he would not have taken it from my hands, I therefore left it in yours. To have ta-



ken my friend out of prison merely to let him go back again to-day, for want of money to keep himself clear with the world, would have been a blunder indeed, but not an Irish blunder—our Irish blunders are never blunders of the heart!”

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## TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

*Parts First and Second.*

BY GEOFFERY CRAYON, GENT.

THE name of the author of these tales, Geoffrey Crayon, being an alias for Washington Irving, is the only thing that entitles them to notice. What a state must the literary taste, or, perhaps, we should rather say the literary justice, of a country be in, when such is the fact? A book, at present, derives but little advantage from mere merit. The author's name is every thing. What critic, or even what reader, will venture to praise a book whose author is not known to be in fashionable repute? It is taken for granted that if a man happens once to write a good book, he will never afterwards write a bad one. Hence his subsequent works receive currency without examination, or if their blunders be too conspicuous to be overlooked or denied, they are sure to be excused on the plea of haste, or carelessness—or perhaps even eulogised on the ground of an originality which it is said elevates the author's mind above attending to the dull formal rules of correctness. On the other hand, when a new author happens to start on his career with an ill written book, if he should afterwards write with the pen of an angel, he will have but little chance of obtaining justice. His name being once cried down by the umpires of fashionable taste, no subsequent industry, no improvement in his talents, will avail him. It is forgotten that there are such things as lucky hits in the career of authorship; that the author of *Paradise Lost*, wrote *Paradise Regained*; and that the same mind which stooped to the production of a series of insipid Pastorals, was destined to blaze forth in the impassioned harmony of *Eloisa to Abelard*, and the ethical dignity of the *Essay on Man*.

But to the tales before us. We almost fear to express our opinion of them, because that opinion is unfavourable, and Geoffrey Crayon is one of those writers, of whom a certain class of the public are determined that nobody shall speak unfavourably. But our opinion is our own, and let the expression of it subject us to whatever penalty it may, nay, though all the literary dabblers in America should swear vengeance against us, we will express it, and thus satisfy our conscience by doing our duty to the public.

These tales, then, are in our opinion, trifling; nay, several of them, such as "The Hunting Dinner," "The Bold Dragoon," and "The Club of Queer Fellows," are absolutely silly, fit only to amuse children; and but for their length admirably calculated for the pages of two penny primers. The whole series betrays a palpable imitation of Goldsmith's manner of telling stories, a manner exceedingly excellent in itself, but of so remarkable a character as to be incapable of imitation without such an apparently affected effort as must be forever disagreeable to a reader of cultivated taste. Goldsmith himself was no imitator; the agreeable naivete which characterises his style, was peculiarly his own; and he indulged in it, not only because he found it to be popular, but because it was natural to him. In the hands of Geoffrey Crayon, however, it is absolute affectation. When we read Goldsmith's tales, we feel ourselves carried agreeably along by a man who moves easily on his own feet, and betrays no fear of stumbling; but the style of Geoffrey Crayon, in the tales under consideration, perpetually reminds us of a boy moving awkwardly upon stilts, who is straining every nerve to prevent a downfall.—The fact is, Mr. Crayon is too apt to adopt a model, and to adhere servily to it, when he writes a book. We know none of his productions, with, perhaps, the exception of *Knickerbocker*, the style of which is not imitated. *Salmagundi* smells almost as much of Goldsmith, as the *Tales of a Traveller*; and the whole world has observed how closely the *Sketch Book*, and *Bracebridge Hall*, resemble some of Addison's papers in the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*.



We really wish that Mr. Crayon would cease taking a model. Let him write in his own Knickerbocker style, or in any other style that may suit the tenor of his ideas and be natural to him. He will then be more deserving of the literary credit which his party claim for him, and which he, at one time, exhibited such a fair promise of permanently securing. The whole of his amusing *History of New-York*, some parts of his *Salmagundi*, and of his *Sketch Book*, deservedly rendered him a favourite with the public. He was loudly praised; but this peculiarity attended his praise,—it was given not alone for what he had done, but in anticipation of something still greater that he was expected to do. He was a young author, known to have exclusively devoted himself to an author's profession; he had given evident indications of literary talents, which it was not doubted would improve by practice; and to crown all, he had gone to London, the great mart of literature, where it was natural to suppose that the golden rewards held out to his view, would stimulate him to his best exertions.

The *Sketch-Book* did not disappoint these expectations. Some parts of it, indeed, were affectedly quaint, and betrayed too glaringly his great fault, imitation. But other parts, such as the story of *Rip Van Winkle*, were excellent, and atoned for the inferiority of the heavier and less agreeable portions. But *Bracebridge Hall* came next; and, alas! here was a total falling off. Here was to be found no originality of humour, no freshness of colouring. Its pictures, for it was professedly a picture-drawing work, had, all of them, long before, obtained a place in literature. The only thing Mr. Crayon did, was to lend them a few additional tints, which added little or nothing to their original value. Men of judgment saw these imperfections, and they pointed them out. But the people of this country had cherished hopes of their favourite, which they were unwilling to relinquish. They, therefore, received the work with kindness, overlooked its blemishes, and gave it credit for every thing they could discover creditable in it.

As for the people of England, they pronounced that the pictures it drew, were all either stale or erroneous; but this they had the good nature to pardon on account of the author being

an American and a stranger; and as they found the mere *wording* of the work to be better than they had supposed it possible for an American to produce, they were surprised at the circumstance. Whatever surprises John Bull is sure to make a fuss in the world. Accordingly nothing was talked of for several months together, but the strange affair that had come to light, of an American having written good English! In order to be convinced of the truth of such an incredible report, every body sought for the book. The book, in consequence, sold. The book-sellers, delighted at having found a new money-making author, set the reviewers to work, and the fame of Geoffrey Crayon and his *good* English, were puffed off on the wings of the Edinburgh, and the Quarterly, and their echoing brethren, to every corner of the earth.

“An American has come to London, and written a book in good English!—who would have thought it?” was the universal cry from one end of Britain to the other. The book was procured and gazed at as a curiosity; a kind of *lusus naturæ* in literature, more astonishing and worthy of admiration than the Hotentot Venus herself. As soon, however, as the wonder began to subside, the real value of the book became apparent. It was then found that although its verbiage was English, and that kind of lady-like English too, which is pretty, and soft, and delicate, and genteel, and all that sort of thing, yet the ideas, except such as were borrowed, were almost unworthy of a place in the memory of a man of solid information. Even the style, the much lauded style, was considered by many who were no contemptible judges, as rather spruce and dapper, and dandy-like, than manly, nervous and dignified. It wanted, in their opinion, fluency, ease, and variety to entitle it to the reputation that had been claimed for it. Even those who judged less critically, acknowledged it to abound too much with affectation, mannerism and set phraseology to be quite agreeable in a long work. Yet it was, on the whole, thought wonderful as being the production of an American. Its author’s claims to praise continued to be a frequent topic of conversation, and his works in consequence continued to be read. This success flew on the winds of exaggeration to this country, and the name of Geoffrey Crayon, alias



Washington Irving, became the cuckoo song of every literary *Pic Nic* who wished to be thought knowing in the *ton* of the day.

We will not deny that Mr. Irving deserved a good deal of this attention. His Sketch-Book is really a pleasing book for a lounging hour; and his Bracebridge Hall is a polite one to recommend to a maidenly Blue Stocking, or even to a boarding-school miss. But beyond this we cannot see their value. What lesson do they teach? What information do they convey? What duty do they inculcate? or what lasting impression favourable to either virtue or happiness do they make on the mind? In mere literary merit they are decidedly inferior to Knickerbocker; they want its originality of thought, its freshness and richness of fancy, and its strength and diversity of diction. Still they are superior to the Tales of a Traveller, in all these respects. Indeed the world seems to be aware of this, and the great expectations already alluded to, which for a few years past have been so fondly entertained in this country of Mr. Crayon's glorious improvement in his literary career, seem now to be pretty generally, though very reluctantly, abandoned. Nobody except a few of the "Stone-blind" Wall Street critics, whose rule is to praise favourites and abuse opponents, whether right or wrong, praises these tales with much earnestness. The utmost eulogy that can be procured for them from the sober minded and intelligent class of Philadelphians, is, that they are "so and so;" or perhaps the expression of "they are pretty well," may be occasionally extorted for them, accompanied with a shake of the head or a shrug of the shoulder, as much as to say, "I don't like to condemn, and honesty will not permit me to praise."

The two small volumes we have seen of these Tales (a third is said to be in the press) are printed in large type, with wide spaces in a catch-penny style. We beg pardon of the booksellers for so naming it. We know that they give it the softer appellation of the London or genteel style. This is a mode of book-making evidently designed to suit the patrician class of our community alone. It gives them the recommendation of an imposing and expensive dress, as if Washington Irving's were the only works published in this country that require to be so recommended. But be the design of this mode of publication what it may, it has cer-

tainly the effect of excluding the plebians of society from the possession of these works, which is assuredly not very patriotic, if as is alleged, their contents be so very valuable.

Bracebridge Hall was also kept at a distance from plebeian hands, by the enormity of its price. A single volume of a very moderate size, on a fanciful subject, could not, comport with any but a rich man's ideas of *value received*, for five dollars. Hence thousands who have read the popular works of Waverley and Cooper, have never read Bracebridge Hall, nor are likely to read the Tales of a Traveller.

If we had leisure we could point out many egregious faults in the style of these Tales. Yes, believe it who will, we could shew, if this book be printed correctly, that the "*good English*," of Geoffrey Crayon, is not unfrequently bad English. The North American Review cannot pardon any mistake in the use of the words *shall* and *will*. What wrath, therefore, in its critical bosom, will not these Tales excite by the innumerable offences of this kind which they contain. But, perhaps, Mr. Crayon is a favourite with the Review; these blunders may, therefore escape its accumen, or it may be inclined for the future to admit the indiscriminate use of these particles, since it is sanctioned by the great authority of Geoffrey Crayon. We might quote numerous instances of his so using them, but we have something else to do with our pages at present. We may, however, spare room for one or two. Anticipating the applause of a theatrical audience, he says "*every one shall be prepared to fall into raptures, and shout and yell at certain points which you shall make*." In the very last sentence of the second part, he speaks as if he could wield the public mind at his pleasure: "*If ever I visit Doubting Castle, and get the history he promises, the public shall be sure to hear of it*." We humbly suggest that the word *may* would have been a more appropriate, at all events, it would have been a more modest phrase.

We could wish some of the learned Thebans of Wall Street, to inform us what rule of syntax is violated in the following sentence, in page 194. Part 2d, of these Tales. "*No longer a chieftain of a wandering tribe, but the monarch of a legitimate throne—and entitled to call even the great potentates of Covent Garden and Drury lane cousin*." But we must cease quoting



bad grammar, in order to make room for a few inelegancies of diction. We open the second part of the Tales at random, and in page 180, we find the following. "I made *known* my business and sent in to *know* if I might *talk* with the master about his cattle for I felt a great desire to have a peep *at* him *at* his orgies." In the next page we have the following Russian phraseology. "The whole company stared at me with a whimsical *muggy* look like men whose senses were a little *obfruscated*." &c. But enough of these. There are about half a dozen cant expressions which seem to be great favourites with Mr. Crayon, as he never misses any opportunity of lugging them into a sentence. "Let people say as they please." is one of these slang expressions. "Of all things keep me from" &c. is another. Connected with the first, in page 137, part 2d, is the following silly remark. "People may say what they please, a studious life has its charms, and there are many places more gloomy than the cloisters of a university." This is an absolute truism, and one of the most puerile that can be conceived. Who but Mr. Crayon ever heard the people maintain that a studious life has no charms, or that colleges are the most gloomy places in the world? But if the reader wishes for puerility in literature, by wholesale, he may have recourse to the story of "the Bold Dragoon" in the first part, and of "the Club of Queer Fellows" in the second, of this production.

It would be strange, however, if there were no good qualities to recommend a work written by the author of Knickerbocker; and it would be unfair in us to overlook these qualities. The style is what the partisans of Mr. Crayon insist most resolutely on praising; and although, as we have already said, we think it an exceedingly faulty style, we must allow it the merit of perspicuity, a merit of no mean kind. It is a style neither cramped by antitheses, nor strangled by convolutions. There is no dovetailing in it; and although it be affected and strutting, its affectation is good humoured, and its strut has a pretty smartness with it which will be undoubtedly pleasing to all who are fond of dandyism wherever they may find it.

The clearness, indeed, of this style is such, that the silliest school truant may read it while running, and yet understand it. This

is, however, chiefly owing to its total freedom from every thing like profound thought or deep feeling. It has no philosophising, no ratiocination, no motive-balancing, like Brockden Brown's. It is gay, easy, light, thoughtless and flippant.—We do not remember, in reading these Tales, to have had our sympathy seriously excited, but once; but that was by a passage truly pathetic and natural; short, indeed, but worthy of any writer of the present times. For the honour of Mr. Crayon we shall lay it before our readers; and we assure all his friends that if these Tales had contained only half a dozen such passages, we should have forgiven the almost uniform puerility of the thoughts, and dandyism of the style. The passage to which we allude, delineates the feelings of an unfortunate son on paying a farewell visit to the grave of a tender and beloved mother.

“The most thoughtless of mortals will some time or other have this day of gloom, when he will be compelled to reflect. I felt on this occasion as if I had a kind of penance to perform, and I made a pilgrimage in expiation of my past levity.

“Having passed a night at Leamington, I set off by a private path which leads up a hill, through a grove, and across quiet fields, until I came to the small village, or rather hamlet of Lenington. I sought the village church. It is an old low edifice of gray stone on the brow of a small hill, looking over fertile fields to where the proud towers of Warwick Castle lift themselves against the distant horizon. A part of the church yard is shaded by large trees. Under one of these my mother lay buried. You have, no doubt, thought me a light, heartless being. I thought myself so—but there are moments of adversity which let us into some feelings of our nature, to which we might otherwise remain perpetual strangers.

“I sought my mother's grave. The weeds were already matted over it, and the tombstone half hid among the nettles. I cleared them away and they stung my hands; but I was heedless of the pain, for my heart ached too severely. I sat down on the grave, and read over and over again the epitaph on the stone. It was simple, but it was true. I had written it myself. I had tried to write a poetical epitaph, but in vain; my feelings refused to utter themselves in rhyme. My heart had gradually been filling during my lonely wandering; it was now charged to the brim and overflowed. I sank upon the grave and buried my face in the tall grass and wept like a child. Yes, I wept in manhood upon the grave, as I had in infancy upon the bosom of my mother. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! how heedless are we, in youth, of all her anxieties and kindness. But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few love us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our misfortunes; then it is we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow. “Oh, my mother!” exclaimed I, burying my face again in the grass of the grave—“Oh, that I were once more by your side; sleeping, never to wake again, on the cares and troubles of this world!”



"I am not naturally of a morbid temperament, and the violence of my emotion gradually exhausted itself. It was a hearty, honest, natural, discharge of griefs which had been slowly accumulating; and gave me wonderful relief. I rose from the grave as if I had been offering up a sacrifice, and I felt as if that sacrifice had been accepted.

"I sat down again on the grass, and plucked, one by one, the weeds from her grave; the tears trickled more slowly down my cheeks, and ceased to be bitter. It was a comfort to think that she had died before sorrow and poverty came upon her child, and that all his great expectations were blasted.

"I leaned my cheek upon my hand and looked upon the landscape. Its quiet beauty soothed me. The whistle of a peasant from an adjoining field came cheerily to my ear. I seemed to respire hope and comfort with the free air that whispered through the leaves and played lightly with my hair, and dried the tears upon my cheek. A lark, rising from the field before me, and leaving, as it were, a stream of song behind him as he rose, lifted my fancy with him. He hovered in the air just above the place where the towers of Warwick Castle marked the horizon; and seemed as if fluttering with delight at his own melody. 'Surely,' thought I, 'if there were such a thing as transmigration of souls, this might be taken for some poet, let loose from earth, but still revelling in song, and carolling about fair fields and lordly towns' "

Nothing half so pathetic and so true to nature as the foregoing scene, has as yet appeared in these Tales. In the first Part there is a narrative of the misfortunes of a young Italian, who is a violent lover, and who, very Italian like, kills his rival, some parts of which narrative are highly wrought up. But there is too much frenzy in the whole business to affect the mind of a sober reader very strongly. It wants the aspect of reality, the colouring true to nature, which never fails to touch the heart and engage the affections.

We had just written this far, when we heard that Messrs. Carey and Lea had published a third part of these Tales. We soon perused them. Indeed owing to the patrician mode of printing, already mentioned, in which these Tales are brought forward, one hour is sufficient for even a careful perusal of a volume for which the sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents is charged. But, perhaps, this is as it should be. We certainly can have no objection to see literature well paid. We question much, however, whether this is the most profitable mode of publishing books for the American market, as it must greatly circumscribe their sale among that numerous class of our reading population who are frugal purchasers of literature. But we are talking of what we, perhaps, know nothing. The booksellers are certainly the best judges of this matter. Let them, therefore, take their own way, and prosper.

With respect to the third part of the Tales, it is, in point of style, neither better nor worse than its predecessors. Its subject relates to Italian banditti, and is, therefore, somewhat more dignified than the stories of ghosts, and strolling players, which constitute the burthen of the other parts. The story of the "Young Robber," which does not constitute ten minutes reading, is the only one worth any thing. It is in the *horrible*, murder and robbery style, which may please some palates, but will run the risk of disgusting others.

We have done with the unpleasant task which our duty imposed on us, of delivering our honest sentiments against these Tales. We hope that Mr. Crayon will write no more in the same jejune strain. We really wish to praise him, and shall be glad if his next book will enable us to do so with a good conscience.

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## GREтна GREEN.

*From the British Lady's Magazine.*

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*Miss Sprightly.*—"If *Gretna Green* were but Turnham Green, or Parsons Green, or any of the nice Greens near London, what a happiness it would be for our poor enslaved sex! If people would make it half-way, I should not so much care; but to be hunted by open mouthed relations over 300 miles, and at last, perhaps, for them to come in at the death, is a little too much for any reasonable lover to expect."

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It is not unintertaining to speculate upon the different notions annexed by different persons to the name of *Gretna Green*.

The romantic young lady, just escaped from the thralldom of that protestant nunnery, a boarding-school, imagines that it is a small cheerful village of clean white-washed houses, surrounding a bright green space, sprinkled with grazing or *ruminating* animals, as Bloomfield calls them. On one side, in her fancy, she beholds a neat rural church, with storied mementos of the dead, and a taper spire, whose gilded vane, glittering in the sun, penetrates through the rustling foliage of some lofty elms. Hard by is the parsonage of the minister (for that he is a *blacksmith*, she never could be brought to believe): the casements overshadowed and wreathed by ivy and honey-suckle, and the ample and hospitable porch supplied with seats for evening gossip or meditation. Suddenly she thinks she hears the rattling of



wheels, the clattering of hoofs, and the smacking of whips : a post-chaise, and four, with out-riders in gay liveries of blue and silver, dashes down the echoing avenue, and stops at the church door. The vehicle is opened, and first a gentleman's leg appears (what a leg!) and it is instantly followed by the body of a handsome, well-dressed, chevalier-looking young man: with careful fondness he hands a lady of most interesting appearance, trembling with love, anxiety, and apprehension, drawing her dear arm under his dear arm, they enter the church with hasty steps : they are there met by the reverend gentleman, and the two fugitives are soon as happy as it seems in the power of heaven to make them!

The anxious parent, on the other hand, figures to herself a picture the very reverse of that drawn by her romantic daughter. The whole scene at Gretna represents itself to her eye as wretchedness and desolation. She sees the broken gables of mud-be plastered cottages, without other window than a shapeless apperture, which serves also for a door. Near them are a few ragged squalid children, paddling in the black sediment of a stagnant ditch ; while an angry mother, in capless luxuriance of locks, peeps from an angle, and chides them in tones of penetrating shrillness. On the opposite side (her eye passing over a few scattered dirty geese) she beholds, in imagination the fatal *blacksmith's shop*, filled with old iron, men like iron in brawny bareness, and an old cart-horse just brought in to be shod. She hears the clink of the hammer on the anvil, and marks the alternate flash of the bellows-blown furnace. She, too, hears the rattling of wheels, the clattering of hoofs, and the smacking whips ; she, too, sees a post-chaise approaching, followed by a retinue, not of *out-riders* in blue and silver, but of *out-runners* in the variegated liveries of wretchedness. The vehicle drives up to the *forge*, and is surrounded by hallooing boys, scolding girls, and mothers with screaming infants at their panting breasts. The door of the chaise bursts open, and out leaps a tall, rough, red whiskered Irishman: he, too, has the appearance of a chevalier, but it is that of a *chevalier d'industrie!* He drags after him a young and timid victim :—the anvil has ceased to resound : and the *cyclops* and the villagers having congregated round the pair, the *Vulcan* of the forge quits the shaggy hoof of a cart-horse for the hand of a delicate, indiscreet, but repentant female. Thus, in a mother's imagination, ends the journey to Gretna Green.

In order, however to fix some limits to the generally indefinite and mistaken notions formed upon this subject, we have subjoined the remarks and description of a very eminent and intelligent traveller upon the subject of Gretna Green ; and we

have added the information regarding the place supplied by the Statistical Account of Scotland. This celebrated scene of matrimonial mockery is situated, as our readers are aware, in Dumfries-shire, near the mouth of the river Esk, so much celebrated by Mr. Walter Scott, nine miles north-west of Carlisle.

Mr. Pennant, in his *Journey to Scotland*, vol. 2, p. 94, speaks in the following terms of Gretna, or, as he calls it, Gratna Green. By some persons it is written Graitney Green, according to the pronunciation of the person from whom they hear it.

“At a little distance from the bridge stop at the little village of Gratna, the resort of all amorous couples whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits. Here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith who marry from two guineas a job to a dram of whiskey: but the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office.\*\*\* This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place, a sort of land-mark for fugitive lovers. As I have had great desire to see the high priest by stratagem, I succeeded, he appeared in the form of a fisherman, a stout fellow in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chaps a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast: we questioned him about the price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour. The church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches, but in vain; for these infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict.”

The Statistical Account of Scotland gives the subsequent particulars.—“The persons who follow this illicit practice are mere impostors—priests of their own creation, who have no right whatever either to marry or to exercise any part of the clerical function. There are at present more than one of this description in this place: but the greatest part of the trade is monopolised by a man who was originally a tobacconist, and not a blacksmith, as is generally believed. He is a fellow without literature, without principles, without morals, and without manners. His life is a continued scene of drunkenness. His irregular conduct has rendered him an object of detestation to all the sober and virtuous part of the neighbourhood. Such is the man (and the description is not exaggerated) who has had the honour to join in the sacred bands of wedlock, many people of great rank and fortune from all parts of England. It is forty years and upwards since marriages of this kind began to be celebrated here.



At the lowest computation, about sixty are supposed to be solemnised annually in this place. Taken at an average through the year, they may be estimated at fifteen guineas each, consequently this traffic brings in about 995*l.* a year. The form of ceremony, when any ceremony is used, is that of the church of England. On some occasions, particularly when the parson is intoxicated, which is often the case, a certificate is given. The certificate is signed by the parson himself, and two witnesses under fictitious signatures."

Upon the legality of marriages performed at Gretna Green, we may be allowed to say a few words. Even by the canons and statutes of the church of Scotland, all marriages performed under the circumstances usually attending them at Gretna Green are clearly illegal; for although it be in that country a civil contract, and although it may be performed by a lay-man or a parson out of orders, yet, as in England, banns or license are necessary, and those who marry parties clandestinely are subject to heavy fine and severe imprisonment. Excommunication, also a part of the sentence, which was formerly a heavy punishment, is now a mere farce. Therefore, though Gretna Green be just out of the limits of our English marriage act, that is not sufficient unless the forms of the Scotch church are complied with. These marriages on account of their being so void, are usually re-performed in England, with consent of all parties; for, if the eloquent gentlemen has been able to persuade the easily convinced lady that the contract is binding, parents or guardians, in general do not deem it expedient afterwards to sue for its annulment. Neither of the immediate parties to the contract are, however, allowed to impeach it, unless under particular circumstances, though it may be set aside by third persons. We shall probably resume the subject in our next number.

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### INDIAN FIG.

Dr. Clarke saw the *Cactus Ficus Indicus*, or prickly pear, growing to a prodigious size in the Holy Land, as well as in Egypt, where it is used as a fence for the hedges of inclosures. Its sprouts luxuriantly among the rocks of Ziph, displaying its gaudy yellow blossoms amidst thorns defying all human approach and produces a delicious cooling fruit, which ripens in July. The stem or trunk of this plant, which ornaments our green-houses in moderately-sized pots, is, in some parts of the East, as large as the main-mast of a frigate. Impressed by its surprising growth and properties, the doctor suggests its adoption in certain latitudes as a fortification. Artillery has no effect upon it; fire will not act upon it; pioneers cannot approach it; and cavalry nor infantry can traverse it!

# POETRY.

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## AN ELEGY

*Written at the grave of a rural poet, in the North of Ireland.*

BY DR. M'HENRY.

WHERE from yon hallowed belfry's frowning height,  
The misty moon looks through the rustling grove;  
To woo the solemn shades of gloomy night,  
Congenial with my troubled soul, I rove.

Beneath my feet the muttering Inver flows;  
Maternal stream! in all my sorrows dear,  
What balm thy sympathizing plaint bestows,  
To soothe the anguish of my grief severe!

How oft along thy solitary brink.  
In musing melancholy mood I stray,  
On pleasures past, and present woes to think,  
Or with thy murmurs mix my plaintive lay!

How oft the owl, those sacred bowers among,  
Dull brooding o'er each monumental stone,  
Starts from her reverie to hear my song,  
Pour'd wildly forth in sorrow's deepest tone!

Oh ye! who dwell within yon holy gloom,  
Ye honoured ghosts of many a hoary sire,  
Who now contemplate man's mysterious doom,  
Wrapt in your viewless folds of blest attire!

How do ye love indulgent to survey  
The swelling streams of generous passion roll;  
Which, though they drive young ardour oft astray,  
Are the first pledges of a noble soul!

But how with indignation do ye burn,  
To view th' unfeeling proud, exulting throw  
Those scornful shafts that make the worthy mourn,  
And add a keener edge to human wo!

Lo! yon imploring wretch, the sport of fate,  
Who oft has bled his country to defend,  
Behold him spurned from guilty grandeur's gate,  
Without relief, a shelter, or a friend!

Ye saints of mercy! say, is there no hand,  
To yield one comfort to the poor man's prayer?  
Of all the wealth that crowns his native land,  
Dare he not claim a share,—a little share?



But ah! the base ingratitude of man,  
If aught can paint in colours justly strong,  
His fate, who lies beneath yon marble, can,  
Where fairy flowers collect, a fragrant throng!

Turn to yon hut the falling roof deserts,  
There genius long her darling will deplore;  
His country own'd him as a man of parts,  
She own'd him such, but, ah! she did no more.

Yet, though his evil fortune frown unkind,  
Nature beheld him with a fond regard;  
With noblest feelings warm, endow'd his mind,  
And stamp'd him at his birth, a favourite bard.

Here first she o'er his rude conceptions sway'd,  
And by her glorious self his conduct steer'd;  
Here first his infant eyes her charms survey'd,  
And lovely in his eyes her charms appeared.

Oft by the margin of yon bank alone,  
Upon his country's harp he sang her praise;  
But sadness still respir'd from every tone,  
For, ah! his country heeded not his lays;

Thus to the Indian shines the gem in vain,  
The richest product of his native fields;  
The tyger crushes with regardless strain,  
The loveliest flower the sylvan desert yields!

And oft beneath yon hawthorn would he lie,  
And watch the passing stream for many an hour;  
Or gazing on the wide o'erarching sky,  
Forget the scornful world, and all its power.

But soon, too soon, with rigid scorpion laws,  
Would thought return to re-assert her throne;  
For, ah! the want of merit's fair applause,  
No bosom felt severer than his own.

Too well his soul each impulse quick obey'd,  
Keen sensibility unnerved his frame;  
And melancholy, sweetly weeping maid,  
Did all his warmth of strong devotion claim.

Now to the lonely wood or desert vale,  
With lengthened strides he hurries o'er the plain;  
And mutters to the wind his wayward tale,  
Or chaunts abrupt a discontented strain.

"Say! why did heaven, since partial is our fate,  
To man his native dignity reveal?  
Why give that tyrant to be rich and great,  
And me this independent wish to feel?"

"But I submit; heaven cannot be in fault;—  
And where the mighty triumph he obtains!  
I would not change one independent thought,  
For all the grovelling tyrant's rich domains!"

"Ah! what to me though fortune's every grace,  
Wealth, pleasure, power and splendor on me shone,  
Since Erin drives me from her dear embrace,  
To waste in shades inglorious and unknown!

"How leap'd my heart, as oft her harp I strung,  
And dreamt of honours that she would bestow!  
But disappointment stern the dart has flung,  
That lays the fondest bard of Erin low."

Now far above the world's envenom'd sting,  
Shade of the enthusiastic glow divine!  
Permit a youth thy former woes to sing,  
Whose fate, alas! too much resembles thine!

And let me o'er thy consecrated stone,  
Pour the sad tribute of a mournful breast,  
That passing worth thy sorrows may bemoan,  
And virgin tears embalm thy place of rest.

#### THE EPITAPH.

Beneath this earth a generous youth is laid,  
Whom angels lov'd, but sordid men despised;  
Though *these* combined his merits to degrade,  
With *those* he holds the nobler meed he prized.  
Too weak his soul to combat with the world,  
Too great to tread the servile walks of gain,  
His little all was swift to ruin hurl'd,  
But death soon snatched him from contempt and pain.  
He sought for nought on earth beyond renown,  
To which the Muses prov'd his title fair:  
Whate'er his faults, they're to the grave gone down,  
And undisturbed oblivion holds them there.

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#### FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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#### THE LAST SONG.

*Occasioned by a situation in Romance.*

Thou hear'st the last song of a broken heart,  
The last farewell to thee and this world spoken!  
Thou seest the remnant—the decaying part  
Of a free-spirit crush'd to earth and broken.  
She sleeps—she sleeps! gone in life's spring-tide, when  
The breast of beauty holds a buoyant spirit!  
Love is no longer for the souls of men,  
Nor beauty for earth's daughters to inherit!

Moving in song, through morning air we see  
The young lark wing her way with heavenward motion,  
So has her spirit, from the earth set free,  
Gone upward with the song of its devotion!  
She rests where mournfully the moonlight wave  
Steals on, around the moss-stone slowly breaking;  
And the pale moon sleeps cold upon her grave;  
Her's is a colder sleep, and hath no waking!

VIATOR.



## LA FAYETTE'S ARRIVAL IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE chief city of the United States, has at length the gratification of enjoying the presence of La Fayette. Ever since his landing on our shores, the most intense anxiety to behold him, and pour forth in his hearing their grateful acknowledgements of the important services he rendered their country, has pervaded the breasts of Philadelphians. No wonder then, that on his arrival their feelings should burst forth as they did, with such unrestrained demonstrations of joy, with such unbounded acclamations of an enthusiastic welcome. Never, indeed, was a guest received with more heart-warm delight, and all hearts felt that there never was a guest who more truly deserved to be so received. From the surrounding country multitudes had hastened to the city, in order to swell the voice of grateful acclamation with which the friend and champion of our country was welcomed to the place where the shackles which bound her in vassalage to the Old World were broken, and she was proclaimed a free nation.

On Monday morning, the 27th ult the Nation's benefactor and guest, passed the Delaware at Trenton bridge, and entered the State of Pennsylvania, at Morrisville, where he was received by Governor Shulze and a vast multitude of people assembled from the adjacent country, in a manner worthy of the occasion. The Governor addressed the illustrious visiter in the following terms:

*“ Gen. La Fayette,*

*“ The citizens of Pennsylvania behold, with the most intense feeling, and exalted regard, the illustrious friend and companion of Washington.*

*“ With sentiments of the highest veneration and gratitude, we receive the early and great benefactor of the United States, the Philanthropist and Patriot of both hemispheres.*

*“ The sincere and universal joy which your arrival has diffused over the nation, is no where more deeply or enthusiastically felt, than in Pennsylvania; whose fields and streams are rendered memorable by your achievements; whose citizens were the followers of your standard, and the witnesses of your sacrifices, and*

toils, in the defence of American Liberty. The eventful scenes of your useful life are engraven on our hearts. A nation has rejoiced at your successes, and sympathised in your sorrows.

With ardent pleasure we have ever observed your strenuous exertions as the friend of man ; and whilst your great services, rendered in the cause of humanity, have commanded our admiration, the purity of your motives has ensured the love and affection of Americans.

“ With the best feelings of the heart we now approach you, with the assurance, that if any thing could add to our happiness on this interesting occasion, it would be the hope of enjoying the distinguished honour of your permanent residence among us, and that a long and splendid life of usefulness may be closed in the State whose soil has been moistened with your blood, generously shed in the cause of Virtue, Liberty, and Independence.”

*To this the General made the following reply.*

“ In the happy moment long and eagerly wished for, when I once more tread the soil of Pennsylvania, I find in her affectionate welcome, so kindly expressed by her first magistrate, a dear recollection of past favors, and a new source of delightful gratifications. The very names of this State, and her capital, recal to the mind, those philanthropic and liberal sentiments, which have marked every step of their progress.

“ Pennsylvania has been the theatre of most important events—a partaker in the arduous toils and meritorious sacrifices, which have insured the success of our glorious, and fruitful Revolution. I particularly thank you, sir, for your gratifying mention of my personal obligations to the Pennsylvania line : nor will I ever forget, that on Pennsylvanian ground, not far from this spot, I enjoyed, for the first time, the delight to find myself under American tents, and in the family of our Commander in Chief. Now, sir, Pennsylvania is in full possession, and reaps all the prosperities, and happy consequences, of that great national union ; of these special institutions, which by offering in a self governed people, the most perfect example of social order, that ever existed, have reduced to absurdity and ridicule, the anti-popular arguments of pretended statesmen in other countries. In what ever manner I may be disposed of, by the duties and feelings in which you have been pleased to sympathise, I shall ever rank this day among the most fortunate of my life : and while I beg your Excellency personally to accept my cordial acknowledgements, I have the honour to offer to him, as Governor of the State, assurances of my profound gratitude, and respectful devotion to the citizens of Pennsylvania.”



On passing through Bristol and the other villages on the way to Philadelphia, the General was hailed with uniform enthusiasm, and loaded with the congratulations and the blessings of the multitudes that awaited his approach. This necessarily caused his progress to be slow, and it was about seven o'clock in the evening before he reached Frankford, so that it was too dark to admit the inhabitants to obtain a distinct view of him they desired so much to see. They, however, splendidly illuminated their beautiful rural village, in honour of his presence. The General remained during the night at the United States Arsenal, in the vicinity, and in the morning gratified the people of Frankford, by his appearance among them.

In the meantime the city of Philadelphia was all bustle and commotion, preparing for his reception. At length, Tuesday, the day on which he was to enter the city, dawned. It was ushered in by the firing of guns, the rolling of drums, and other loud indications of triumph and joy. The inhabitants of the city, and an innumerable crowd of strangers, were on the alert at an unusually early hour. The different civic and military bodies designed to unite in constituting the procession which was to escort their admired guest into the city, were soon formed and on the march to the place of rendezvous, on the road leading to Frankford.

The military bodies arranged themselves under General Cadwallader, and proceeded to Rush's Fields, about two miles South-East of Frankford. They were there reviewed by La Fayette, and performed all their evolutions in such a style, as to elicit from both him and his son, George Washington La Fayette, who is an experienced officer, the highest commendation. The General was preceded about ten minutes in his arrival on the Review ground, by Governor Shulze, who assumed his station as Commander in Chief of the Pennsylvania Militia. La Fayette entered the field in an elegant barouche, drawn by six beautiful cream-coloured horses, provided for him by the Philadelphia committee of arrangement; the out-riders were dressed in liveries of the same colour.

The city had poured out an immense portion of its population on the field, and when the General entered it, the air was rent with their loud and repeated acclamations. The appearance of the troops was truly imposing, and the conduct of the spectators was marked with the utmost propriety. No one attempted to encroach on the line, or to exhibit the least indication of rudeness or disorder; and, notwithstanding the eagerness of each individual to have a near view of the General, a proper sense of the respect due to him, prevented every one from leaving his

station. The different civil associations that were to form part of the procession, took their station on the Frankford road, some distance beyond Kensington.

The entrance of the General on the Field was announced by the discharge of one hundred guns, and the acclamations of at least fifty thousand spectators. He soon alighted, and in company with General Cadwallader, and the Governor of the State, proceeded on foot to review the troops, while several fine military bands continued playing appropriate airs. The number of the troops was estimated at about five thousand.

Having passed along the line, and received the customary salutes, La Fayette moved towards a number of officers, not on duty, who were drawn up at some distance from the troops. When he had reached them, General Cadwalader said, "These are, General, officers of Pennsylvania, not on duty, who have assembled to pay you their respects." La Fayette replied—"Gentlemen, I have great pleasure in meeting you here to day, and feel very grateful for your attentions. I thank you for them, and shall long bear them in remembrance."

The General now approached a large assemblage of citizens who had taken their station some distance behind the soldiery. They loudly cheered him as he approached, while he repeatedly bowed to them in the most respectful manner. At length he recognised a hoary revolutionary veteran among them, and hastened eagerly forward to salute him, the multitude giving way on all sides. He shook the venerable man cordially and affectionately by the hand, while the citizens excited to unusual enthusiasm by the scene, redoubled their huzzas and acclamations, and the hearts and voices of thousands prayed for blessings on his head.

The General now ascended the Barouche, with the venerable Judge Peters, who sat on his left, and at one o'clock P. M. proceeded towards the city: the military, and the organised portions of the citizens, and the different corps of artizans, falling into the places in the procession assigned them by the committee. Those who marched in the procession, both military and citizens, were formed in platoons of eight: but so great was their number that they occupied a length of road of about three miles.

Major General Cadwallader and his aids formed the van of the procession. They were succeeded by Major Gamble of the Marine corps on horseback, together with a few officers of the revolution. Then followed the first division of the Pennsylvania Volunteers headed by Brigadier General Patterson and his staff. Next to these were three or four carriages occupied chiefly by the members of the committee of arrangements. Then came he towards whom every eye was strained, and every wish was directed, the "NATION'S GUEST," in the Barouche before mention-



ed. Then followed carriages containing the Governor of Pennsylvania, the Governor of New Jersey, &c.—and in a Barouche and four, George Washington La Fayette, and the General's secretary. The guard which followed consisted of the First Troop, and the Harrisburg Cavalry. But with the exception of La Fayette himself, the most interesting portion of this memorable cavalcade was that which came next, namely about a hundred gray haired Revolutionary soldiers belonging to the Northern Liberties, placed in three cars decorated with appropriate mottos and devices. The interest which these worthies excited as they moved amidst the multitude, was manifested by the enthusiastic cheering that accompanied them along the whole line of march.

The civic part of the procession now succeeded. It was led by John Swift, Esq. the Chief Marshal, and his aids. The different associations moved in the following order. 1st. The Society of Red Men, with their appropriate banners and mottoes. 2d. The Printers, preceded by a carriage displaying the bust of Franklin, with a number of the trade busily employed printing and dispersing among the crowd an ode written for the occasion by James N. Barker Esq. which shall be inserted in the next number of the Magazine.—3d. The Fayette Association of Young Men —4th. The Young Men of the City and County.—5th. The Cordwainers, who with their banners and appropriate costume, made a very handsome appearance.—6th. The Weavers, a very numerous body. Their armorial ensign, three Leopards holding a shuttle, was peculiarly elegant —7th. The Young Men of the City and County, between the ages of sixteen and twenty.—8th. The True Republican Society.—9th. The Washington and Fayette Societies.—10th. The Rope Makers.—11th. The Young Men of Southwark, Moyamensing, and Passyunk.—12th. The Ship Carpenters; their banner displayed a ship on the stocks, and the fronts of their hats were ornamented with the same device.—13th. The Young Men Mechanics of the city.—14th. The Painters, with several tasteful and appropriate banners.—15th. The Young Mechanics of the Northern Liberties.—16th. The German Benevolent Society.—17th. The Coopers with banners and batons, displaying the resemblance of adzes. They were preceded by a carriage, in which several of them were employed in making barrels, two of which they had completed by the time they arrived at the State House.—18th. The Butchers. These made a very imposing display. They were mounted on large and handsome horses, and dressed in showy frocks and sashes. Their banners were characteristic and handsome.—19th. The Carters and Draymen, with appropriate standards and mottoes.—20th. The Agriculturists mounted,

closed the civic part of the procession. They were succeeded by a corps of military consisting of Philadelphia, Montgomery and Chester county Volunteers, and some companies from New Jersey, on horseback, all under the command of General Castor.

The procession moved, attended by an immense multitude of admiring freemen, from the Stone Bridge at Kensington, along the route prescribed by the Committee of arrangement, which we shall presently specify, cheered at every step of its progress by the strongest indications of popular enthusiasm and joy.

We have not space to describe the various splendid triumphal arches through which the heroic "National Guest," was conducted, much less to delineate the innumerable constellations of female beauties, that saluted him from every balcony and window by which he passed. The arches were splendid, particularly the one in Fourth Street, near Green, which many people considered to be more tasteful than even the superb one at the State House. When the hero passed under the elegant arch at the junction of Fourth Street and Vine, being the boundary line between the city and its Northern Liberties, his arrival in the city was proclaimed by a discharge of guns from the U. S. Frigate, John Adams, lying off Vine Street wharf. Immediately a choir of twenty-four beautiful young girls placed on a stage, began to sing the following song of Welcome written by Benjamin Mayo, Esqr. for the occasion.

Strike the sýmbal,  
Roll the týmbal,  
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums,  
Loudly ringing,  
Cheerly singing,  
Lo! the patriot hero comes.  
Great Almoner,  
Slighting honour,  
Here the youthful hero came,  
Aided strangers,  
Braving dangers,  
Human freedom was his aim.  
Troops come prancing,  
See advancing,  
All Columbia's sons and daughters,  
Greet the Hero land and waters.  
Streamers streaming,  
Shouts proclaiming,  
Far and near the Hero's name.  
God of thunder,  
Rend asunder,  
All the power that tyrants boast!  
What are nations,  
What their stations,  
When compared with freedom's host.



What are mighty monarchs now,  
 While at freedom's shrine we bow?  
 Pride of princes, strength of kings,  
 To the dust fair freedom brings.  
 Hail him! hail him! let each exulting band  
 Welcome Fayette to freedom's happy land.

The cavalcade entered Front Street, down which it moved to Green; then up Green to Fourth. Turning into Fourth it proceeded down to Arch; it then moved up Arch to Eleventh, down Eleventh to Chesnut, down Chesnut to Eighth, down Eighth to Spruce, down Spruce to Second, up Second to Chesnut, and up Chesnut to the State House.

The most affecting incident which took place during the whole route, occurred when the General approached the United States Bank. The veterans of the Revolution belonging to the city were arranged in front of the building. The moment that La Fayette recognised them, with a sudden and uncontrollable impulse, he started to his feet. The Barouche stopped, and he made his old companions in arms a friendly and feeling salute, which brought tears to many of their age-dimmed eyes, at the hallowed remembrances which it excited.

The General having arrived at the grand civic arch, in Chesnut Street, alighted, and passing under it, proceeded through the lateral arch on the left, to the carpeted platform which led to the State House. He was then conducted into the Hall of Independence, which was tastefully fitted up for the occasion, and introduced to the Mayor by Mr. Lewis, the chairman of the committee of arrangements. The Mayor addressed him as follows.

*General:* The citizens of Philadelphia welcome to their homes the patriot who has long been dear to their hearts.

“Grateful at all times for the enjoyment of a free government, they are, on this occasion, peculiarly anxious but unable to express a deep felt sentiment of pure affection towards those venerable men whose martial and civil virtues, under Providence, have conferred upon themselves and their descendants this mighty blessing.

“Forty eight years ago, in this city, and in this hallowed hall, which may emphatically be called the *Birth Place of Independence*, a convention of men, such as the world has rarely seen, pre-eminent for talents and patriotism, solemnly declared their determination to assume for themselves the right of self-government, and that they and their posterity should thenceforth assert their just rank among the nations of the earth. A small but cherished band of those who breasted the storm and sustained the principles thus promulgated to the world, still remain. In

the front rank of these worthies, history will find him whom we now delight to honour, General LA FAYETTE, whose whole life has been devoted to the cause of freedom and the support of the unalienable rights of man.

“*General:* Many of your compatriots have passed away, but the remembrance of their virtues and their services shall never pass from the minds of this people: theirs is an imperishable fame, the property of ages yet to come. But we turn from the fond recollection of the illustrious dead to hail with heartfelt joy the illustrious living, and again bid welcome, a most kindly and affectionate welcome, to the guest of the nation, the patriot LA FAYETTE.”

*To this Address the General replied :*

“MY entrance through this fair and great city amidst the most solemn and affecting recollections, and under all the circumstances of a welcome which no expression could adequately acknowledge, has excited emotions in my heart, in which are mingled the feelings of nearly fifty years.

“Here, sir, within these sacred walls, by a council of wise and devoted patriots, and in a style worthy of the deed itself, was boldly declared the Independence of these vast United States, which, while it anticipated the independence, and I hope the republican independence, of the whole American hemisphere, has begun. for the civilized world, the era of a new and of the only true social order founded on the unalienable rights of man, the practicability and advantages of which are every day admirably demonstrated by the happiness and prosperity of your populous city.

“Here, sir, was planned the formation of our virtuous, brave, revolutionary army, and the providential inspiration received, that gave the command of it to our beloved, matchless Washington. But these and many other remembrances are mingled with a deep regret for the numerous cotemporaries, for the great and good men, whose loss we have remained to mourn. It is to their services, sir, to your regard for their memory, to your knowledge of the friendships I have enjoyed, that I refer the greater part of the honours here and elsewhere received, much superior to my individual merit.

“It is also under the auspices of their venerated names, as well as under the impulse of my own sentiments, that I beg you, Mr. Mayor, you gentlemen of both councils, and all the citizens of Philadelphia to accept the tribute of my affectionate respect and profound gratitude.”



The impressive ceremonies of the Hall took place in the presence of the City Councils, the Aldermen, the Society of Cincinnati, officers of the Navy, distinguished strangers, and the committee of twenty-one. The General then withdrew through the State House Yard to his barouche, which awaited him in Walnut Street, and was driven to the lodgings prepared for him in the Mansion House.

In the evening the city displayed one of the most splendid illuminations ever witnessed in America. Innumerable transparencies, exhibiting patriotic and appropriate devices and mottos, the chief themes of which were Washington and La Fayette, shone in every quarter, proclaiming in *words that burned*, the glorious cause of our rejoicing.

Is there any one who can find fault with the Americans for their unbounded display of gratitude on this occasion? If there is, he must be either an enemy to the rights of man, or to the indulgence of the best feelings of his nature. We look upon the wreath of glory with which we are now as a nation encircling the brows of La Fayette, as a bright star we are placing in the horizon of politics, to attract the active and enterprising spirits among men to the cause of free governments and human rights. It is the most brilliant, and in the eyes of the ambitious and the bold who pant after glory, it will form the most precious reward, that ever the world conferred on a champion of freedom. The chief objection which the vigorous and the valiant, whose warlike propensities and thirst for renown so often controul the fate of nations, and alter their condition, have to fighting the battles of republics, is that republics are so apt to be frugal in rewarding great actions, and to look with distrust on any honour conferred on even their benefactors. Monarchs, on the other hand, are magnificent in the rewards they bestow, because they are the means by which they purchase the supporters of their power. Hence it is far less frequently the wish than the interest of the active men of the earth that induces them to contend in the cause of kingly governments. But let republics show that they too can confer honour where it is due; that they too can render their advocates objects of admiration, and heirs of a splendid and immortal fame, and their ranks will become as attractive, if not more so, to aspiring minds, as those of their enemies. In addition to the allurements of glory to attract the vain and ambitious, they will possess the justice of their cause to attach the conscientious; and if both these classes of mankind were by these means secured to the side of freedom, despotism would be no longer formidable, and the inestimable benefits of rational and free governments would soon become widely diffused among nations.

The benedictions now showered on La Fayette, and the glory that attends his progress through this country, therefore, may well be considered as one of the most effective efforts in favour of republican principles that, from the circumstances of the world, it is at present in our power as a nation to make. The honour we pay him will silence the cry that republics are ungrateful; it will show to the world that those who combat for the rights of the people, may attain to a height of glory which neither kings nor emperors can bestow, such as is now enjoyed by La Fayette, and which springs from the grateful hearts, and displays itself in the unanimous burst of admiration spontaneously expressed by the voices of ten millions of free people.

Will it be said that republics ought to be cautious how they exalt any individual above the rest? In regard to the *power* they confer on the ambitious we grant that they ought to be cautious, but certainly not in regard to the honour they confer on the worthy. What! is worth to meet with its suitable reward under despotic governments alone? Are the honours and distinctions of the world to be forever enjoyed by the favourers and supporters of crowned heads only? If so, then, indeed, may republics expect to hold their existence by force alone, in opposition to the numerous lofty spirits that arise among mankind, and imagine no good worth enjoying, save the glory that may be earned by distinguished deeds. Let a free people then show that they can confer that glory, and when they do confer it, it will be infinitely more valuable and alluring than any that monarchs can bestow, because it will be given by the unbought suffrages of grateful and admiring millions.

Our complement of pages being full, we are obliged, for the present, to desist from prosecuting this interesting and fruitful theme. It will be a glorious one for the historian of La Fayette: and we are happy to understand that it is, even now, in the able hands of Mr. Waln of Frankford, who, we are persuaded, will not fail to show, in the lucid and impressive style of genius, the many excellent effects, both political and moral, which the heart-warming events now passing in this country are calculated to produce in the world.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*In order to make room for the preceding account of La Fayette's arrival in this city, we have been obliged to exclude several articles which were expected to appear in this number, some of which are already in type. The favours of those correspondents whose expectations we had excited will be particularly attended to in our next.*